



THE
**SURFING
WORLD**
MONTHLY

DEATH, DRUGS & INDO

THE BEST SURF DOGO EVER
MADE...AND WHY YOU MAY
NEVER GET TO SEE IT

THE SCHOOL KID WHO THROWS HIMSELF AT
ROCKS TO GET PHOTOS JUST LIKE THIS...➔

JACK FREESTONE

PUNKIN' PARKO, LOVIN' ALANA, WINNING LIFE

NINE

OUTRAGEOUS STORIES
FROM THE CRAZY FREAKY LIFE
OF RENO ABELLIRA

\$10.99 NZ \$11.99 INC GST



9 771322 537000

LIKE WEARING NOTHING

MIRAGE 

THE ULTIMATE BOARDSHORT

— SURFING —
IS EVERYTHING



GABRIEL MEDINA | WORLD SURFING CHAMPION
WEARS MIRAGE AGGROGAME





Furnace

**SUPERIOR WARMTH
THE ULTIMATE IN HIGH PERFORMANCE**

**DRYMAX FURNACE LINING
STITCHLESS CONSTRUCTION
DRYMAX ENTRY SYSTEM**

**TAJ BURROW // WEST COAST AUSTRALIA
BILLABONG.COM.AU**

A full-page photograph of a surfer in a black wetsuit riding a large, curling green wave. The wave has a thick wall of white foam on its right side. The sky is a pale, hazy blue. The overall tone is dynamic and emphasizes the power of the ocean.

BILLABONG
Wetsuits

KNOW THE FEELING. **SUPERIOR WARMTH**



Hurley)(

DRI-FIT COLLECTION

STAY DRY. STAY COOL.

HURLEY.COM



FROM WHERE
YOU'D
RATHER BE



PLEASE
DRINK
WISE



JUST IN BLACK

PREMIUM FEATURES WITHOUT THE PREMIUM PRICE TAG



Phil MacDonald. Pic: Brad Whittaker

3/2 GBS STEAMER | \$299

12 MONTH WARRANTY

OCEAN&EARTH

DOUBLE BLACK

WETSUITS



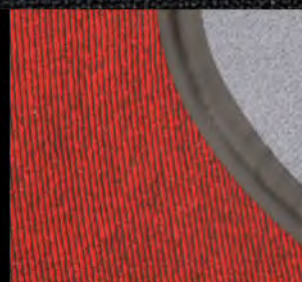
EASY ENTRY CHEST ZIP

YKK zip. Neoprene panel positioned behind zipper to help prevent water entry.



INTERNAL PLUSH

Warm, comfortable internal plush positioned around your vital organs where you need it most.



STEALTH DESIGN

Bright logos don't count when you're in critical situations, superior construction does. Double Black wetsuits all have stealth black design.



360 ULTRA STRETCH NEOPRENE

Premium grade super stretchy neoprene in all panels. More flex - less resistance = more performance in the surf.



GBS + TAPED INTERNAL SEAMS

Glued and blind stitched seams with internal Water Shield taping. Maximises warmth, strength and stretch. Minimises water entry.



4/3 GBS STEAMER | \$369

12 MONTH WARRANTY

www.oceanearth.com





INTRODUCTION



A Farewell to Mike Jennings

WHO IS VERY MUCH ALIVE BUT IS MOVING TO CANADA

It's been a big month for surfing. Owen Wright nailed two perfect heats in pumping funnels at Cloudbreak to take out the Fiji Pro. Gerry Lopez returned to G-Land to teach Sean Doherty how to yoga. National hero *Our Sally Fitzgibbons* found a new major sponsor in Piping Hot. Dane Reynolds and Bethany Hamilton had a baby, not together but with their respective partners. And Mornington Peninsula's favourite mad dingo Robbie Warden rode a surfboard he shaped with his own hands for the very time (send him a text and ask him how it went 0407 924 788).

In the *Surfing World* office we received the sad news that after five years of dedicated service to the magazine, first as Deputy then as Senior Editor, Mike Jennings had decided to pack his black leotards, white face paint and invisible rope into a man bag and head off to Montreal, Canada to pursue his childhood dream of becoming the world's best street mime.

Jennings' short career in the surf media has been a colourful one (and you can read all about it in *Jock Serong's A Short History of...* on page 27) and his contribution to *Surfing World* extends well beyond the brilliant feature stories and same sounding Melbourne-based indie bands he reviews in *Recommended* each month. A student of magazine craft it is no exaggeration to say his influence can be found on every page, be it the tweaking of coverlines, ideas for layouts or an opinion on content. Even the basic structure and pace of the magazine have benefitted enormously thanks to his endless passion for this crusty old medium known as print.

Further to that, Jennings believes the *Surfing World* readers are intelligent, kind hearted and love surfing for all the right reasons. He strives to make sure each issue delivers the kind of experience that will not only be entertaining but that will mean something to you after you put it down because that's how he felt when he read *SW* as a kid. In short, Jennings cares. A lot. About everything. In fact if a topic, any topic at all, is worth discussing then it's worth discussing properly. There certainly aren't too many people I know who can shut down a raging party by getting into an hour long screaming match with the host about which episode of *Seinfeld* is the best and why.

Despite his sense of duty to always play the devil's advocate, Jennings is extremely sensitive and compassionate. He's the kind of guy who'll take on your problems as if they are his own, offering thoughtful insights and good advice on how to navigate your way to the best possible outcome in any situation. It may not always (or ever) be what you want hear but it's a measure of the man that he'll always tell you the truth. I don't want to sound too parochial because it's one of Jennings's pet hates, but that's the sort of mateship that Australia was once famous for. I'm fully gonna miss the dude, ay.

So on behalf of all the crew here at *SW*, from the owners to the interns, on behalf of the readers and on behalf of Ellis Ericson who is the guy in the barrel you see on this page for no specific reason, I'd like to say thank you Mike Jennings. Thank you and bon voyage. Here's hoping you find what's on the other end of that invisible rope we call life. I hope it's an invisible dog. That would be funny. – **Vaughan Blakey**

Ellis Ericson. Photo: Gooch

Contents *SW* 364



P.038

JACK FREESTONE

He's got two World Junior Titles, a starring role in *Cluster* and his squeeze is surfing's most desired woman. But who is Jack Freestone and why should you love him?



P.050

NOBODY TOWN

Most 17-year-olds spend their free time listening to the latest pop hits on the Myspace. Not Leroy Bellet. He gets smashed on rocks taking piccies of his mates.



P.064

DIRTY WATERS

A documentary on the drug running exploits of Indo's early surf explorers has ruffled enough feathers to prevent its mainstream release. Why?



P.088

RENO ABELLIRA

He's the big wave Hawaiian hellman with a life as colourful as his flared wetsuits. Reno Abellira shares some of his favourite tales with Sean Doherty.



P.100

SONG LINES

Derek Hynd is a Jeffreys Bay aficionado who gets stoked on anyone who rides the place in the spirit of true line. His new fave out there? Beau Foster.

The Octopus

The Best Surfing I've Ever Seen by Dion Agius	019
A Short History of... Rock Jumps	027
Next... Sam Jones	028
Making Stuff With Ozzie Wrong: Baby Eating Caterpillar	031
Recommended: Sabotaj & Unknown Mortal Orchestra	032

2

117°17'35"W

ALIVE IN CALIFORNIA



THE RANGER 45

33°2'35"N

NIXON

nixon.com





THE SURFING WORLD SHORT FILM COMPETITION

WIN \$20,000

ACROSS THREE CATEGORIES: YOUTH // ACTION // STORY
+ AUDIENCE AWARD PRESENTED BY COASTALWATCH
ENTRIES NOW OPEN – GET IN BEFORE SEPTEMBER 1ST
SURFINGWORLD.COM.AU FOR MORE DETAILS

Nikon

 **GOALZERO**


Corona
Extra

CW
COASTALWATCH



ROCKOUT 2 **SOLAR**

RECHARGEABLE SPEAKER



BEACH READY

Keep your device, keys and cash safe inside the weatherproof outer shell.

LIGHT WEIGHT BIG SOUND

DarkBass™ technology provides deep, precise sound without the bulk.

LISTEN LONGER

The highly efficient solar panel means you never have to plug in.

BLUETOOTH ENABLED

One-touch Bluetooth pairing, stereo streaming and built-in microphone. No cables. No hassle.

AVAILABLE IN BLACK, GREEN, BLUE & AQUA

 **GOALZERO**
POWER. ANYTHING. ANYWHERE.

For more solar solutions visit WWW.GOALZERO.COM.AU

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm." – William Cowper



A GOOD DEAL OF LOTS, AND NOT MUCH IN PARTICULAR, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF IT • WINTER • VOL.17 • ISSUE 364 • TANGLEFOOT



THE BEST SURFING I HAVE EVER SEEN, BY DION AGIUS Criag Anderson, South Coast, NSW 2015

I reckon I saw the best surfing I've ever seen just the other day. I was in Sydney hanging with Spondog and my buddy Grady who's a best friend. Craig had just flown in from Tahiti and we all had a pretty huge night. We woke up feeling pretty sad and sorry for ourselves but Spon hadn't gone out so he

was like, "Come on, let's go, we're gonna go surf the south coast points."



It was one of those days where the waves were absolutely pumping everywhere. We got up and in the car feeling pretty sweet, and 20 minutes later I was feeling like it was the worst decision I'd ever made. Craig,

myself and Grady were just feeling like we were gonna keel over and die at any moment.

We got halfway to Cronulla and we said, "Let's turn around, I feel like I'm gonna vomit." But Spon was like, "No way we've committed." So we get to this spot and we all fall out and we're lying on the grass and the waves are pretty

SURFING WORLD FACTS

1. A member of Captain Cook's fleet that arrived in Hawaii for the first time in 1778, Captain James King noted in his log the first account of locals riding waves "the boldness and address with which I saw them perform these difficult and dangerous manœuvres was altogether astonishing and is scarcely to be believed."
2. In 1900 entering the water deeper than knee height at any Australian beach in daylight hours was illegal.
3. William Gocher was the first man to openly break this law, announcing in his newspaper that he would swim at the beach at midday, which he did in front of a huge crowd three weeks in a row. With no action taken he went to the police station and was told that there would be no arrest so long as he was suitably dressed. His report on this matter opened daytime swimming to the masses and Australian beach culture was born.

Image: Ando by Respondek. Octopus Masthead: Adam Ventress





“IT WAS THE PERFECT LINE AND I CAN HONESTLY SAY I’VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY RIDE A WAVE AS BEAUTIFULLY AS HE RODE THAT ONE.”

good. Anyway, we knew there was another point around the corner that gets pretty fun and we just thought, ah hell we’ve come this far. We saw a couple of old boys and a girl heading around to it and she’d surfed it a couple of days earlier and said it would be pretty good.

Craig didn’t even have a board, he brought a single fin but didn’t bring a screw for the fin so Spon was just like ride my board, man. We trekked in with Grady, it was his first trip there and he was psyched to check it out but he was super grumpy.

We get down there sitting around on the rocks, long lefts, three to four foot, four old boys out there, really fun looking waves, we had a bit of a chat on the rocks. Biggest legends, started feeling a bit better, nice and sunny, one of those offshore crisp perfect days and we brought heaps of junk food down making ourselves sick. And so Craig comes down with Spon and he’s on Spon’s board. Craig had been sitting for a bit chatting with the old boy and this four foot set comes and Craig just stroked into this thing, took off, did a little high-line to get his speed and then it was just... you know when you watch someone who’s a really good surfer feel out a board? Well Craig did that and something just locked in, right from that first high-line and by the time he pulled off Grady and I just looked at each other and said, “ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING? THAT WAS THE MOST PERFECT SURFING I HAVE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE!”

This whole wave there was not one limb out of place, there was not one pump that didn’t need to be there, if he needed speed he’d just lower his centre of gravity or push off the right rail, there were so many nuances gathering speed and doing jives that were the most functional things ever. And I’m not joking, he nearly did nothing this entire wave. There were probably five direction changes on this wave that weren’t even turns, they were like high-lines to floaters to cut-down bottom turns. It was crazy, like nothing I’d ever seen before. He just danced across this

perfect left on the most beautiful day in front of these old boys that sat there as mesmerised as we were. He pulled off and I was flipping gobsmacked. Grady and I were sitting there wondering, what did we just witness?

It was the perfect line and I can honestly say I’ve never seen anybody ride a wave as beautifully as he rode that one. He was feeling out this board and the wave was the perfect mix of speedy and slow and he was magical, he didn’t do anything but every movement was so in tune with the wave and the board and it blew me away.

I’ve been watching Craig since he was a little kid and that wave made me think this guy is one of the icons of our sport and he’s gonna go on to be one of the most incredible surfers of our time because of the way he can feel waves like that. It’s the hardest thing to do, especially nowadays where there’s so much focus on big single manoeuvres that a lot of the time everything becomes quite jerky in between and you lose track of that in-between flow. A lot of the best guys – Micks, Parkos Kellys – they all have it, but a lot of the freesurfers lose that because we’re just racing trying to get speed for the section. Creed has it, drawing lines and generating speed from stopping himself from moving... there’s not many people who have that Rasta, Gerry Lopez, Rob Machado finesse and I think what Craig is doing, how it seems to come so naturally, it blows my mind.

When I paddled out to him, I was bewildered, I wanted to go surfing so bad but I just sat there watching him surf and when I eventually paddled out I said, “Dude, you are surfing so good. Me and Grady are tripping in there, that first wave was insane.” And he was as humble as always “Thanks so much man, it felt cool.” I guess after the surf he was stoked on that board and he had a fun surf but it had to be acknowledged and Grady said the same thing. We had to tell him, we were like two little girls just pining over him stroking his hair and telling him how good he surfed. It was pretty wild.

The timeless hungover style of Mr Anderson. Photo: Respondek

in the
moment



CRAIG
SURFER BOARD RESTORER

SURF CAMS AD-FREE • FULL SCREEN
LIVE ON MOBILE • 36-HOUR REPLAYS • SAVE FAVOURITES

COASTALWATCH **PLUS**



LEAGUE OF LEGENDS

The best surfing companion is...



Albe Falzon

Spiritual & Filmmaking Guru

The one with the biggest smile...



Barton Lynch

1988 World Champion

Surfing with your family, especially your kids,
is a very special feeling.



Bob McTavish

Godfather of Board Crafting

A happy sharing attitude.



Joel Parkinson

2012 World Champion

Family I reckon. I'm really digging surfing
with my cousin Mitch right now. I've watched
him surf since he was a little kid, and now he
rips and you appreciate his surfing so much
because you saw where it all started out.



Layne Beachley

X7 World Champion

A positive attitude.



Mark Occhilupo

1999 World Champion

Andy was always my favourite companion to
surf with because he never liked to surf alone
and it was impossible not to have a good time
when he was out there with you. He made you
have a good time even if you weren't.



STAFF & CONTRIBUTORS

EDITOR

Vaughan Blakey

vaughan@surfingworld.com.au

ART DIRECTOR

Danny Johnson

danny@surfingworld.com.au

SENIOR EDITOR

Mike Jennings

mike@coastalwatch.com

EDITOR AT LARGE

Sean Doherty

RESIDENT LEGEND

Reggae Elliss

reggae@surfingworld.com.au

SENIOR WRITER

Jock Serong

ILLUSTRATIONS

Nanda Ormond, Corbin Nash, Adam Ventress

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Jed Smith, Chris Binns, Ayse Tingir, Dion Agius, Ozzie Wright

SENIOR PHOTOGRAPHER

Jon Frank

EVENT'S MANAGER

Robbie Warden

robbie.warden@3CMG.com.au

INTERN

Tyson Bruun

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Leroy Bellet, Woody Gooch, John Respondek, Rod Owen, Duncan Macfarlane, Maxi, Simon Punch, Alex Benaud, Luke Shadbolt, Nathan Oldfield, Bosko, Jack Dekort, Jeff Divine, Alan Van Gysen, Peter Joli Wilson, Justin Crawford, Nate Lawrence, Rich (SARIPS)

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Call Justine on +612 9965 7313 or visit page 113
subscriptions@surfingworld.com.au

ADVERTISING

Doug Lees

doug.lees@coastalwatch.com | 0405 100 044

Phil Osborn

phil.osborn@coastalwatch.com | 0403 091 515

Warren Randell

warren.randell@coastalwatch.com | 0411 818 471

SUPPLYING ADS

Miles Finlay

mfinlay@coastalwatch.com

COWBOY FACT

Cowboy removed his braces with pliers.

Surfing World Magazine is published 12 times a year by Australian Surfing World Pty Ltd, ACN 65 130 517 323, 681 Barrenjoey Road, Avalon, NSW, 2107. Surfing World Magazine welcomes photographic and written contributions. Send with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to 681 Barrenjoey Road, Avalon, NSW, 2107. We do not accept responsibility for unsolicited material provided this way. Australian Surfing World Magazine retains reprint rights; contributor retains resale rights. Views expressed by the authors are not necessarily those of the publisher. Sake pipis.

on the boil...



Page One – Brett Burcher By Leroy Bellet

Looking at this month's brilliant ride behind cover shot of substitute teacher Brett Burcher captured by high school student Leroy Bellet, it's easy to imagine the two spend their days wagging class and sliding in an out of crystalline slabs without a care in the world. It's no small irony then that guy who dedicates his entire life to riding the unridable nearly kissed life on this planet goodbye while stand-up paddle boarding in three foot shit.

Shortly after being interviewed for the Nobody Town story starting on page 50 of this issue, Burch set off with Bellet, Scotty Dennis and Ben Serrano for a road trip deep into the South Australian desert. That weekend, Brett was tumbled by a three-foot wave at a remote location, not far from shore, and driven headfirst into the reef. He was paddle surfing with two others in the water, but because he was out of their sight, he had to get himself

to shore, then walk 20 minutes to the waiting car, streaming blood from a head wound. His upper body was locked in a hunched position, he was short of breath and in significant pain. "I never had a good feeling about that surf," he says. "There were lots of salmon in the water, and another surfer had had a weird run-in with a dolphin. But none of that was the problem at all."

Two friends assisted him on the walk, and one had to hold his head still throughout the two-hour drive to Ceduna. There he waited for many more hours as an airlift was arranged. Finally, he was placed in the spinal unit at Adelaide and diagnosed with two fractures in his neck and two in his thoracic spine. He's currently at home in a body brace and will remain so for two to three months, but remains in good spirits and is confident of a full recovery.



Posca Givaway

What do you like to art? Is it a dog named George? Is it a cat named Tanglefoot? Is it a weedy sea dragon named Bobo? Whatever it is there is no doubt that Posca Paint Pens are the best things to art with in the world, especially on surfboards. We have three, eight pen Posca packs to give away right here right now and all you have to do to win one is tell us in 25 words or less what you'd promise to draw on your surfboard if you happen to score the prize. Send your intended vision to letters@surfingworld.com.au the most interesting ideas will win.



Available – Nix Nic Nooley

The most awesome fun surf film in the history of the world is finally available on DVD! Hooray! *Nix Nic Nooley*, Toby Cregan's futuristic surf masterpiece starring Creed McTaggart, Duncan McNicol, Beau Foster, Thom Pringle and more all acting a hell of a lot better than Keanu Reeves in... well, everything he's ever been in, was initially only available through pirate streams on Vimeo to the select few lucky enough to know the secret password (it was "Gargamel" by the way). Now you can go to nixnicnooley.bigcartel.com and buy the thing to own for a piddly 15 skins! May as well buy the t-shirt while you're there.



Final Call – Reelers Nears Closing Date

Reelers, *Surfing World's* first short film competition is nearing its closing date for submissions so if you don't want to win any of the \$20,000 up for grabs then please don't make a surf movie and enter it on *Coastalwatch* before September 1st 2015. However if you do like making movies, receiving kudos from three of the most influential filmmakers of all time, winning awards and being given large chunks of money for your art then you most definitely SHOULD make a movie (no longer than three minutes in length) and upload it. There are three categories each with a \$5000 prize: Action presented by Nikon and judged by Kai Neville, Story presented by Corona and judged by Taylor Steele and Youth presented by Goal Zero and judged by Jack McCoy. Plus Coastalwatch is offering a \$5000 Audience award. Your phone has a camera right?



Artist – Billy Bain

For some time now we've been keeping an eye on the artistic works of talented Sydney surfer Billy Bain. The eldest son of former World Number One and *Badcast* commentator Rob Bain, Billy spent his early years chasing the junior surf circuits only to brush it all and return to his studies in the hope of carving out a life in oil, acrylic and mixed media. – @billybainart



Coming – Vaughan Deadly Book

The editor of this very magazine also moonlights as a part time contributor to *Monster Children Magazine* for whom he has written a column since issue one hit the stands over a decade ago. Now comes the somewhat exciting news that all those columns will be packaged and released in a Penguin-sized tea stained paperback called *The Mental Scribbles of Vaughan Dead*. Wanna read about the time his dad Alfie electrocuted his balls? Wanna find out what happened when he ate too much cake on his 35th birthday? Wanna get on the pre-order list? Send your requests to kieran@mccreative.com.au.



Artist – Adam Ventress

Our Octopus masthead this month was designed by Adam Ventress, a man whose work beautifully illustrates the genius of simplicity. Optimistic and vibrant best describes the essence of his compositions be they drawings, prints or campaigns for some of surfing's most prominent companies including Mambo, FCS and Gorilla. Currently in the process of setting up *WONDER BUNKER*, a design, photography art and studio hire space in Brookvale for likeminded legends of artyness, you can see more of his happiness at thewonderbunker.com or adamventress.com.



Just one more ...





JOCK SERONG'S SHORT HISTORY OF...

Mike Jennings

Amid the current angst about dual citizenship, Surfing World Senior Editor Mike Jennings – ever the futurist – has taken a pre-emptive step. Rather than wait around for the Feds to knock, he's renounced Team 'Straya and will take up residence in the country our wise leaders call "Canada".

Emerging from the great tradition of Port Phillip Bay slopwhackers (whose ranks also include Claw, Singding and Ted Bainbridge), Jennings grew up an avid North Melbourne fan (putting him in company with Tim Rogers, Ricky Ponting and almost nobody else). He bleeds blue and white (yes, that looks weird) – once appearing on *Today Tonight* as "Wayne Carey's Biggest Fan" during one of the champ's various scandals.

Mike Jennings found his love of surfing thanks to his Dad Kevin: a marathon-running, ocean-swimming legend, who would often pack young Mike, brother Joey and Mum Di in the car for family holidays to Phillip Island. That early history on Blokes' Island gave Jennings a sceptical eye when it came to the beachies of Avalon: beneath that sartorially-pinpoint exterior roars a lustful belly that craves meat pies and kegs. Kev Jennings, by the way, is a surf history buff who'd held a copy of *SW* No.1 since release, and which he presented to Mike when he landed the job as Deputy Editor of the mag.

Teenage Mike was the deadly rakish aesthete who knew cool shit months before everyone else. While his contemporaries listened to Limp Bizkit and Nu Metal, Jennings discovered Radiohead. While they read *The Da Vinci Code* he was quoting Ayn Rand and Vonnegut. He developed an acute sense of fairness as well, vehemently opposed to any sort of bullying, racism or homophobia, and capable of skewering the flimsy logic that backed such prejudices.

When Jennings the sensitive, intellectual surfer with the Michael Hutchence hair hit university, women attended lectures in droves in the hope of spying him across the auditorium. They never did. He was far too busy for classes: a one-man cultural revolution, contributing short pieces to his mates'

magazine, *Spook*. In a beret he was Che. Shirtless, he was Jim Morrison in a white wine and fennel reduction. He couldn't put a foot wrong.

In 2009, Jennings entered and won Little Weeds, a *Stab* initiative aimed at unearthing young surfing, photographic and writing talent. As winner, he got to edit an issue which gained instant national infamy for his cover design which featured...well, which pre-empted Bill Henson by several years.



Irresistible talent will eventually meet perfect opportunity, and in 2010, *SW* prepared to go from bi-monthly to monthly, and the position of Deputy Editor was created. It was as though the role was created for Mikey Jennings: as he sauntered down the street to an interview with Reggae Ellis (poker face), Neil Ridgway (wisdom of Solomon) and Vaughan Blakey (crippling hangover) one, or maybe all of them, muttered "who's the hipster from Melbourne?" But Mikey just laid his chihuahua on the table and started directing the questioning.

Mike brought instant change to the magazine. Thoughtful, funny, fair and interesting articles weren't new to *Surfing World*, but tucking your t-shirt into your jeans and shaving only one side of your head certainly were. Two years in, he took the job as Coastalwatch Editor, bringing a literate and passionate flair to the ugly gaping wound that is the innernet media.

Despite flagrantly cruising the internet all day in search of gifs and cat memes, Mike was rewarded with a new role as Senior Editor of *SW*. And there he penned probably the most important and best story of his career on Otis Carey, the indigenous surfer who called out the latent racism of the Australian surf community when he took on a surf magazine over its racially insensitive comments. It was a stand up or look away moment, and Mikey Jennings stood tall.

The Canadians will take a while to adjust to his brilliance, his lovable eccentricities and his propensity to down tools when it's firing. As for the man, he'll need little excuse to get loose in the juice with the moose.

Illustration by Nanda Ormond. Inset by Corbin Nash





NEXT

Sam Jones, 18, Manly NSW

Sam Jones has been drawn to thundering lines of ocean from the first moment his toes hit salt water. Drawn to the point where, at the ripe old age of 12, his parents actually had to ban him from surfing big waves. “That was pretty funny,” he says. “I wasn’t allowed to surf The Bower. Mum and Dad were just going, ‘Nup. You’re not going out there. No way.’ But one day I was surfing North Steyne with a mate and we were just like, ‘We have to.’ It looked fun and there were real good winds for it so we just did it. We paddled out from Shelly and started freaking out about the rocks – it was only about four foot but we got a couple waves and we were stoked. I told my parents after and they were mad, it was my first real time disobeying them.”

It wouldn’t be the last time. Sam’s next goal was to surf Deadman’s the deep water big wave ledge that breaks further around from The Bower and only begins to work when the rest of Sydney’s Northern Beaches are dishing up monstrous soupy close-outs. Of course his parents forbid him and Jones responded by surfing Deadman’s anyway. “I only got one wave but it was enough. After that, I was out there most swells. My parents eventually became ok with the idea. Although they really didn’t want me to surf out at Cape Solander.”

Do you see a pattern emerging here? Of course he wanted to surf Ours, not only a terrifying slab but one with a reputation of notorious locals as well. “I was 16 and went out there with my mate. Didn’t tell my parents about it and when they found out they got really pissed – but just like before when I got home safe and sound they began to see that big wave surfing was really a passion. But I always have to text Mum back after a surf.”

Sam recently returned from his first trip to Teahupo’o, “I didn’t even know I was going till two days before we flew out. Tim Bonython messaged me and my parents lent me the money and I lied to work. There are no words or video that can describe how good it is... it’s a joke. It’s too good to be true. I snapped my first board on the first day. Took out the reserve and sat there for four hours. The second day was epic. We were pretty much the only ones left out in the water, Tim’s the biggest frother so he just wanted to stay. The line-up was me, Russell Bierke and Jack Robinson. After 40 minutes of no waves, Jack was in the water by himself and this thing just started looming. Jack swung really late on this ten foot one, airdrops perfect. It just looked so good. After that, me and Russ went back out and it starts pulsing. I was like, ‘Are you kidding me? There’s no wind, this is the best wave in the world, and we have it all to ourselves.’ I wanna go back to Chopes.”

Back at home Sam, Cronulla surfer Kipp Caddy, and Ulla Dulla boy Russ, have all started hunting big surf around NSW together. “They both want the bombs maybe harder than I want them. Surfing with people that want it more than you, it kind of humbles you and pushes you. You step it up when you have people like that around you. That’s something I wanna keep doing. It’s the only way to get better. Push yourself out of your comfort zone.”

Sam Jones is so committed to being a big wave surfer that as a 16-year-old he did his high-school work experience at Coastalwatch so he could learn forecasting from chief swell forecaster Ben Macartney. Photo: Rod Owen



WATER BASED PIGMENT INK PAINT MARKERS

- Completely opaque
- 7 unique tip sizes
- Non-toxic
- Over 35 different colours



WWW.POSCA.COM/AU

uni
MITSUBISHI PENCIL



MAKING STUFF WITH OZZIE WRONG

This Month: A Baby Eating Caterpillar

Allow me to invite you to light a stick of incense. Sit in the centre of a giant circular Aztec Calendar rug and spray yourself in the face with some lavender mist. Take six deep breaths. As you breathe out release your hatred of the government men and the people who invented television. Clear your thoughts and quell the vibrations. Make contact with your love chakra. Embrace peacefulness. Stay right there. Aaaaaaaahhhhhh. Feels nice, doesn't it? Now, I want you to conjure, if you will, a single fantastical creation that has the potential to alter the course of all human life on this planet for the better, liberating us from the greedy, soul sucking consumerist hell we are all currently drowning in. Focus on that image. Did you picture a giant baby eating caterpillar? Great! I did too. Here's how to make one.

1. A monstrous six legged baby eating caterpillar may seem like a controversial idea at first but believe me this creature has the power to be everybody's spirit animal. After all, the caterpillar is symbolic of pure potential, of personal evolution, transformation and patience, all things that come in pretty handy when you discover that a \$180 parking ticket has been placed on your car while you were in the RTA shelling out over a grand to get the freaking thing registered. *Deep breaths... Release the hatred... Welcome the caterpillar... Aaaaahhh...*

2. So the first thing you'll need is a sleeping bag, which you can find in the *lost and found* department of any metropolitan bus terminal. Soak it in 100 proof disinfectant for a few days to kill any parasites and dilute the overpowering tangy stench of urine. Once your sleeping bag is clean go to the

Vampireate Surfboards factory and, if you can stand the overpowering tangy urine stench of Mark Gnech's shaping bay, ask him for a second hand board. Slide the board into the sleeping bag and spray paint the whole thing with multi coloured polka dots. Just like that, you have your caterpillar abdomen and somewhere in the world a soldier has put down his gun and hugged a flower.



3. The next thing you need to do is attach the legs. I simply got three bits of wood, summoned the strength to snap them in half by thinking of Tony Abbott being our Prime Minister, then nailed those six planks into the surfboard base using my closed fist as a hammer. On the end of the legs I put work boots and sneakers so that my caterpillar could do kick flips and/or play in a Cold Chisel cover band. Instead of traditional mandibles for a mouth I attached comically oversized razor toothed swinging jaws, then topped the whole thing off with a cardboard box covered in curly red hair and two bloodshot eyes instead of the usual 12. Finally, I attached a couple of Stegosaurus-like plates to the spine and next thing you know World Peace was declared. Don't thank me, it was all too easy.

4. Of course you can't have a baby eating caterpillar without feeding it a baby. Thankfully I had one of those lying around too. Goldie wasn't all that stoked to be eaten alive but after I explained that the caterpillar would soon enter a cocoon and emerge as a gigantic butterfly she still seemed terrified and wanted nothing to do with it. So in the end I just destroyed my caterpillar with an axe and the planet continued on its downward spiral to oblivion as if nothing good had ever happened ever. Hope you have better luck than I did.

Recommended



Sabotaj

1998 was an incredible year for Billabong Jack McCoy movies. If you were a grommet in the late 90s your surfing life was formed wearing down the VCR with films like *Wide Open*, *The Occumentary* and *Sabotaj* all coming out in the same 12 months, just following classics *Psychedelic Desert Groove* and *Alley Oop*, and preceding classics *9 Lives* and *Blue Horizon*. *Sabotaj*, right in the middle of that era, is a perfect movie timestamping the crest of an incredible career for one of Australian surfing's greatest. With grom footage, his first two years on tour, the best freesurfing footage of him and friends (Rasta, Jake Paterson, Noodles Webster and more) filmed over the course of a year, and of course including the legendary Bumbat Challenge – *Sabotaj* lives forever as one of the great surf profile films. – MJ



Wooooo Issue 8

Have you heard of *Monster Children Magazine*? It's a fabulous arty type magazine with heaps of cool arty stuff in it. The editor is a dude named Jason Crombie who also has another magazine called *Wooooo*. Except that it's not a magazine, it's a small paperback book with heaps of cool articles and really funny writing in it. The next issue is being edited by Jeff Bebe, the lead singer of the band Stillwater which appeared in the movie *Almost Famous*. Buy it here: woooooomag.com – VB



This Is My Surfboard

I don't know where you can find this book. Your local op-shop, on some hidden mouldy bookshelf, might have a copy, and there are two or three dog-eared copies floating around *eBay* and *Amazon*, but this work deserves to be everywhere. *This Is My Surfboard* catalogues the surfing adolescence of 90s Triple J icon The Sandman with remarkable simple writing. It's said truth and pain equal humour, and if that's so you can count every single page of this lost book completely hilarious. You'd be hard-pressed to find a better coming of age story in Australian surf-literature. Simple, funny, heartbreaking, and brilliant. – MJ



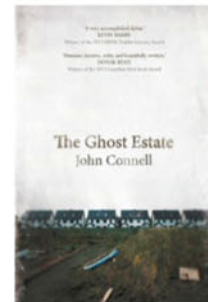
The Ultratide

Gone are the days when man relied on the angle of the sun in relation to the Earth to figure out the time of day. Thanks to the invention of the lower arm clock band we've been able to tell the time simply by staring at our wrist for some time. But watches do so much more than simply tell the time from time to time and Nixon's new model The Ultratide offers you ten times the data of a traditional tide watch including things like wave height, swell direction, forecasted swell conditions, wind speed and direction, water temp, air temp, sky condition, real time tide and tomorrow's tide. Download the app and set up The Ultratide to your specific local and you'll be the most informed and on time watch wearer in the history of time itself. – VB



Multi-Love

This third album from New Zealand's Internationally acclaimed chill-psych band, Unknown Mortal Orchestra makes you want to use an adjective normally reserved for horrible cafes and bad, bad, bad music. "Funky." It is. It has a Prince-like flourish, over that mellowed out self-effacing indie guitar music of the past albums, in a similar vain to countryman, Connan Mockasin. Beyond that *Multi-Love* is emotionally complex, (it's about a polyamorous relationship!) and rewarding of repeat listens. A wildly good album, equally adept at starting a dance-floor or as a backing track to a lonely Sunday. – MJ



The Ghost Estate

The Ghost Estate follows a young Irish builder finding work on one of those ever expanding housing estates, now decayed, empty and littering the country like a dead tundra of suburbia. Connell weaves the present and past through a story with the working class at heart. There's a love and heartbreak for Ireland in the writing, and it follows the tradition of great Irish writers who are most poetic when spinning a yarn with concrete dust deep under their fingernails. Irish-Australian John Connell is a two time Walkely winning journalist, whose fiction writing has been mentored by the great David Malouf, with the *Ghost Estate* has blessed us with Roddy Doyle-esque prose for today. – MJ



Trick

Alex G wrote, recorded and released all his music from his bedroom, picked up and building hype before he'd even played a show. He littered many of 2014's best-of lists and has already released a second album in early 2015, but with *Trick* we get the proper release of all the songs uploaded to the Internet that led to his discovery in 2012. Indie-melodic pop, or something like that, very simple, but so full of the sort of songs that make you feel excited about music again, songs that are instantly loveable and a part of you that you can repeat over and over and over because their only flaw is they aren't long enough. – MJ



Serial

Anyone who listens to podcasts would already be well aware of *Serial*, a 12 episode investigation into the trial of Adnan Masud who was convicted of murdering his ex-girlfriend Hae Min Lee in Maryland Baltimore in 1999 despite the flimsy evidence and hopelessly flawed trial. This is a gripping did he/didn't he story that locks you in right to the very final seconds. – VB



Expand and Surrender

Expand & Surrender describe their sound as "all original surf groove chill and zen zone wet rock rhythms". Which is a pretty specific niche when you think about it, but hey man, when they're handing out the award for outstanding achievement in the field of all original surf groove chill and zen zone wet rock rhythms at next year's Arias you can bet these guys will be taking it out. Spearheaded by the creative genius that is Greame Gravy Davey, this six piece delivers old school feel good surf sounds that harks back to a time before Jack Johnson killed the reverb. Find them on the facebook. – VB



Pipis

Doing it tough keeping the budget in check this month? Got nothing to eat and no fishing rod. Dude! Get into the pipis! These little shellfish can be found at any beach and taste delicious in a pot full of simmering butter and white wine sauce. Only thing is you can't take 'em further than 50 metres from where you collect 'em or the fisheries will have your arse. – VB



Fall of Planet Esoteria

In all the hubbub that came with Andrew Kidman's much anticipated tribute to *Morning of The Earth* film release last year this little gem slipped into the ether almost unnoticed. *Fall of Planet Esoteria* finds Kidman's The Windy Hills in upbeat experimentation mode bringing a new twist and surf twang to a sound that bands like Dinosaur Jr nailed in the early to mid 90s. Not surprising considering the two acts toured together around the time of recording. – VB



Girt: The Unauthorised History of Australia

When it comes to Australia's colonial history, the moments that matter, the people we celebrate, the achievements we recognise, we are to a large degree, completely off our collective heads. In the first two chapters of *Girt*, David Hunt addresses our lazy understanding of who we are and how we came to be with witty critiques and relentless comical genius. Well researched and warm at heart, *Girt* is a history lesson that is in equal parts surprising and great fun. – VB



COOL PEOPLE LIKING STUFF Nanda Ormond, Artist FAMOUSANDCOOL.COM



Artist: Sam Vanallemeersch

This artist is totally my jam, to the max. Impressive duplicity in that he has two incredibly well developed styles that he uses. And a whopper of a last name, Sam Vanallemeersch.



Music: Admas

This great, great Ethiopian funky something band called Admas is great. I really like music in languages I don't understand.



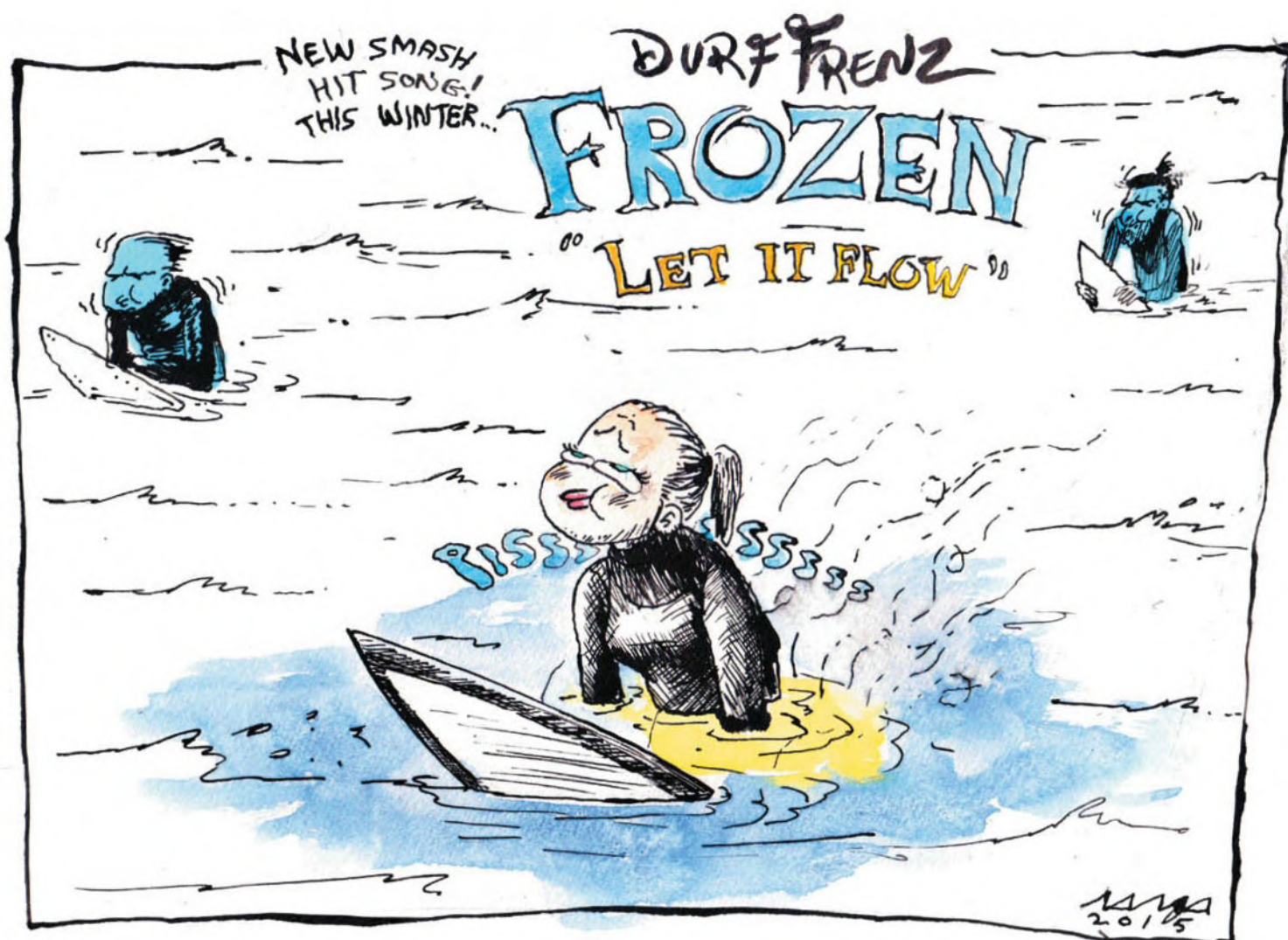
Food: Potato Pancakes

Just grate a bunch of Agria potatoes plus salt in to a very oily, thick pan. Put it on med to low heat and cook it for bout 15-20 minutes on one side, then flip it when it's all crusty and cook the other side. So GOOD!



Book: Nausicaä Valley of The Wind

Manga drawn and written by the master of Japanese animation, Hayao Miyazaki. Seven volumes of amazing.



DURF FRENZ BY NANDA ORMOND FAMOUSANDCOOL.COM

REVISIT
SW 212
\$4.50
1989



Cool cover... Shane Powell by Bruce Channon

Cool travel yarn... "We could judge by their dark faces, eyes as of new copper, and beards parted terribly in the centre like the wings of a carrion crow, that we were in the presence of the worst kind of outlaw robbers."

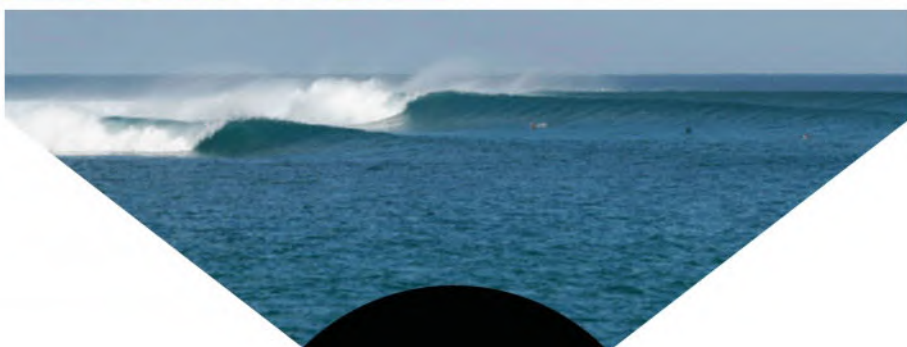
Cool quote... "Great things are done where men and mountain meet, this is not done by jostling in the street." – William Blake

Cool tribute... to CJ Snow McAlister... "He was there at the start, pioneer of a breed that first appeared towards the 1920s. A WAVE RIDER." – Robert Edward Mills

Cool acid trip... "The spray on one of the gnarly Waimea shorebreaks sent a ghostly whisp down the back of the wave. The outline seemed to form a figure of a naked woman lying on her stomach. Her hair blown back by the offshore breeze."

Cool caption... The late sun behind me lit up Shaun Munro, his yellow westuit flashing across the inky black waves. Barrel after barrel poured through and Shaun toyed with them disappearing around the rocks to hands raised and hooting 200 yards further down the point."

Cool ad slogan... "Maui & Sons salutes the new generation of surfers committed to fitness, the pursuit of excellence through hard work and dedication. We call it: TRAINING."



World class waves

Premium resorts & boats

Chaaya Island Dhonveli
Maldives Leading Surf Resort
2012, 2013, 2014

MV Theia
Central Atolls Maldives

Kandui Villas
Upmarket Mentawai

Nemberala Beach Resort
Rote's finest. West Timor

Namotu Island
Fiji

Tavarua Island
Fiji

www.atolltravel.com

info@atolltravel.com

Toll Free: 1800 622 310



/atolltravel



/atolltravel

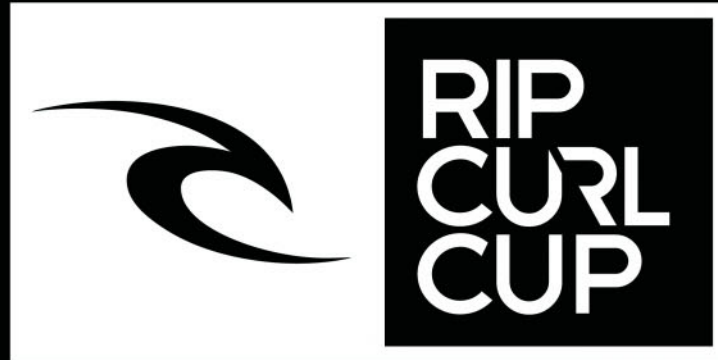


/atolltravel



/atolltravel





padang-padang

1st - 31st AUGUST 2015

PADANG™ PADANG BEACH™ BALI

WATCH IT LIVE

WWW.RIPCURL.COM

IT'S ON WHEN IT'S ON



JACK FREESTONE

THE SURFING WORLD INTERVIEW

BY SEAN DOHERTY











Cruising in the car down to Duranbah, Jack Freestone's pulling apart the blackness in the world, the physical and the metaphysical, incredulous at how it can even, you know, like, *happen*. "Like, what the hell is cancer? Who could even dream up a disease where your body eats itself?" Jack accentuates the positive, and right now he's certainly got a lot to be buzzed about – a couple of Junior World Titles, a starring role in *Cluster*, Alana Blanchard, and finally, it seems, an overdue spot on the world tour waiting for him at the end of the year. As the tattoo says on his arm, "No Dream To Big" (nor apparently any spell check to available). His sunny disposition continues walking down the beach at D-Bah. He's talking about Hawaii and he's talking about surfboards and he's talking about love. He paddles out against the breakwall, and on his first wave gets garrotted by a fishing line, the old geezer having cast straight in front of him then wildly jigging the rod thinking he's hooked a fish. Jack untangles himself then paddles back out. Then he gets dropped in on. Then someone gets in his way. The place is packed. You can almost see him fighting it. No, no, no. He won't let this kill his vibe, because Jack knows that once you take out the dark bits, there's as much sunshine out there as you could ever want.

SW: If I was interviewing Mick or Joel at age 23, a decade ago, we'd have undoubtedly been doing it over a beer, but here we are and you've just made me a coffee, a nice latte with a little love heart on top. It's kinda symbolic that your generation in Coolangatta is a little different, a little more refined.

JF: (Laughing) Well I knew you were going to Fiji so I kinda made a little Tavarua in your coffee. But that's funny, huh? Yeah, it's so different these days. Everyone's split. We don't even live in Coolangatta anymore, we just get in there to surf and get straight out again. It's just the crowd factor. I hate surfing Snapper. Its not surfing; it's just dodging. There's no surf etiquette and it's just insane. It's on the cusp of something, there's something really bad going to happen and it's going to take someone dying for people to go, whoa, something needs to be done. You just see so many people paddling everywhere and no one knows anything. It's insane. It's lawless. Oh man, it does my head in just talking about it.

Ha... I've killed your positive vibe in the first question! But have you ever lost it in the water out there?

I've done it a few times and I'm not proud. I haven't resorted to fighting though. That's stupid. I feel like I've got a high tolerance to stupidity... like this morning almost getting a fishhook stuck in my leg. (At this point two of Jack's mates pull up in the driveway below and Jack shouts down) Come up, hang out, raid the pantry, rip some spines out in *Mortal Kombat*! Make yourselves at home! ...

but I just found there was a negative energy out there and a lot of anchors around the place.

"Anchors" in what way?

Just some bad people to be around. My mum always said – and it was pretty wise – put yourself around good people and good things happen, and it's so true. Growing up I was around a lot of bad people and in Cooly, and that's really easy to happen, and I just saw it and I saw the drugs and the drinking and I felt I needed to keep away from people doing that.

On the other hand we were talking in the car about how big an influence Mick and Joel have been for you, and I suppose how much they still are today.

They always have been and for me always will be. Even having Dingo floating around. I grew up watching those three and to this day I still watch everything they do and appreciate having them around so much. That's really lucky to have guys like that in your hometown. I still get a little starstruck when I'm around Mick or Joel. I just try not to show it.

You've obviously seen Dane's latest clip, what did ya think?

Mind blowing. That's all he needs to do. Make a clip. Everyone's like, why is he in Fiji? Why are they even giving him the wildcard? Well, because he's the best. Here, watch this. It sucks not having him on tour full time to watch him.

I thought it was interesting after that clip dropped how suddenly everyone changed their tune, from "Dane's washed up" to "Dane's ripping!" Do you think that's a sign of the times? That people have no attention spans and just go looking for the next shiny thing?

It's so like, what have you done for me lately? In a five-minute clip it suddenly just changes completely. It's so weird.

In a way it's almost what happened to you with your part in *Cluster*. You'd disappeared into the QS black hole and suddenly there you were, owning the best section of the biggest movie this year with everyone talking about you again. Can you remember watching it for the first time?

The first time I saw my section was in LA in this massive theatre. There would have been 2000 people there and it was super weird. It felt like you were about to watch an opera or something and this surf flick comes on.

Had Kai given you the heads up that your section was, like, real good?

Not a word. I hadn't seen one wave, didn't know the soundtrack, had no idea about the movie. Everyone who was in the movie was having anxiety attacks. I was a little bit boozed and a little bit buzzed that night, but I almost got teary watching my section. I got a little emotional. That Australian Crawl song *Reckless* playing was perfect and everyone was singing to it and everyone was into it and I was flipping out. I was that close to tearing up.

Opposite: Fly-oop in the Bite. Freestone has air game to match all the mad dog loony legend freaks on tour. (SA_rips)
Previous spread: A frame from his breakout performance in 2014's *Cluster*. A film that not only announced his freakiness to the world but gave him instant "favourite surfer" status to a new generation of groms. (Lawrence) Opening portrait: (Macfarlane).

**“GROWING UP I WAS AROUND A LOT OF
BAD PEOPLE AND IN COOLY...**

**“I SAW THE DRUGS AND THE DRINKING
AND I FELT I NEEDED TO KEEP AWAY
FROM PEOPLE DOING THAT.”**

That song was a brave choice for the soundtrack.
I know. It didn't really make any sense until you saw it, and then it made perfect sense.

Did that section come along at the right time? Did you – and your career – need it?

No doubt. It felt like it was a piece falling into place. After having such a shitty year last year and kind of how things have gone this year everything is going to script. It let me forget about last year. It was a line in the sand. Who cares about 2014? It was the best start to a year I could wish for.

Having been so focussed on the tour, did nailing that section change your goals at all with your surfing?

Not really. Those two years when to everyone else I was irrelevant, I was actually working toward something, and now that's done I'm not sure what direction to put my free time into. I've got no platform and no structure. Everything I did in those two years was, like, give it to Kai, now it's like, what do I do when I'm not surfing a contest? With the year that I've had so far, freesurfing isn't really my motivation right now. I need to stay on target.

What's success for you going to look like?

For now, getting my arse on tour. Full stop.

The day I moved into the house in Hawaii last December, the only sign of you was a pair of lonely red Nike hightops sitting by the door. You'd cleared out for Kauai the day before, run for the hills after losing at Sunset and missing the cut for the tour. Was that a horrible, horrible week?

That was the shittest week of my life. If I made that heat and the next one I was on tour. I don't know too many people who lose at Sunset with a heat total of 14, but somehow I did it, and of all the heats to lose out there with a nine I lost that one. Oh my god. I was baffled. The next week was torture. I bailed for Kauai with Alana but I couldn't get away from people calling and texting and trying to be that shoulder for me, as one by one I got overtaken on the ratings and I just slipped away. I turned my phone off and told Alana don't mention Sunset. I got home and the realisation kicked in that I hadn't made it again and I wasn't even first

alternate, I was third. I turned one of my boards into a punching bag and got over it.

Did you have heart-to-hearts with anyone in the off-season who helped you turn it around?

I think I was more talking with myself. I used that feeling. I knew I never wanted to feel that way ever again. I was borderline depressed for a week. That was the shittest feeling in the world and I said to myself I never wanted to feel that way ever again. I knew there was only two ways to deal with it. I could give up, or I could do better. Right now I'm doing better.

Is that a product of you personally though? You're the king of upbeat.

In a way. I had a pretty hard upbringing as well so it makes me a little mentally stronger I think, but it's also the people I put myself around. A lot of it comes from my mum as well; she is super positive. I feel like I'm a pretty positive guy although everyone has their shitty days and I do too, I suppose it's just that my shitty days are more positive than others.

Why do you think you haven't qualified yet?

(Thinking)... I know the first year I did the QS I didn't know what a prime event was. I was so new to everything. I just assumed I was naturally going to make the tour, but of course that didn't happen. The QS can slice you down.

I heard an interesting comment the other day after Dane's clip dropped and the predictable freesurfing-versus-contest-surfing debate erupted. Someone commented that tour guys can look “needy” on a wave, there's often a desperation in the way they surf, and it's the guys who can surf heats a little looser, with less anxiety who stand out.

I think the freesurfing aspect of my surfing over the last couple of years has started showing up in my heats. I feel like that's a pretty important thing, because if you look at Filipe and John John, those guys have transferred freesurfing into heats. Filipe is killing it, and every time he paddles out for a heat he looks so confident and relaxed and he lands everything. That's what I'm trying to do right now.

You feel your confidence has turned around?

A hundred per cent, plus I've learned a lot. Last year after coming so close I think I've grown as a person. I grew ten years in one year. The QS is like dog years – one QS year is like five human years. You learn quick on there, but if you stay there too long you get old, quickly. Hopefully I'm done with it this year.

Funny you mention Filipe, because your forehand air reverse that has been your go-to turn for so long, he's almost made that turn obsolete with what he's been doing.

It's stupid. If you're surfing against Filipe a standard forehand air reverse isn't going to win you anything. You need a crazy repertoire, because nine times out of ten he's going to beat you with something big. If the waves are small he's almost unbeatable 'cause he's only got to land one, and his landing rate is like 90 per cent. And there will be more Filipes appearing and the talent level will get so freakish that in three years time they'll be scoring Filipe airs as fours. It moves so quick. Every year people go well, where can it go from here? Well, it goes wherever it wants.

You had a cool past-present-future heat with Parko, a semi final in Newcastle earlier this year.

That semi felt like a club round. That's exactly how it felt. Every morning he was texting me, telling me to get him a coffee, doing the grommet thing, and that morning before we surfed I went and got him his coffee, and then just before we paddled out I told him, “Mate, you know that coffee was a decaf?” He looked at me and said, “Bullshit!” And I went, “No bullshit, mate, full decaf.” He paddled out and had a shocker, fell off waves, and I just surfed with this huge grin on my face. That was the kind of heat you want to surf every time, the smiling assassin kind of thing.

That's what Joel usually does.

He was still smiling, but I could tell he wasn't enjoying losing to me. I got in his head with that coffee.

When you were young you could have played footy, but you caught a wave at Kirra one day and never played footy again.

Jack Free threads a dreamy little turquoise funnel in the fantasy world that is his life. Well played, sir. (Macfarlane)









“EVERYONE HAS THEIR SHITTY DAYS AND I DO TOO, I SUPPOSE IT’S JUST THAT MY SHITTY DAYS ARE MORE POSITIVE THAN OTHERS.”

This was when Little Groyne was still a wave and one of the first times I stood up by myself without my dad pushing me. I must’ve looked like a pelican flapping my wings around, but cruising along this wave was just the coolest feeling in the world. No going back from there. How do you go back to football? How do you go back to concussion and brain haemorrhages and knees that bend backwards? And my dad was always telling me he’d prefer I surf instead of playing footy. He’d been there and there are a lot of anchors in football. I look back at the guys I played footy with when I was younger, and some of them are in prison, some are into drugs and drinking, and it just made me think I made the right choice.

The Snapper contest must have been a buzz for you this year, winning the trials then surfing against Mick and Kelly.

I was so psyched to get into the event and have my first heat against Mick. My second heat sucked, we just had no waves and Kelly out grovelled me. I wish we’d just surfed D-Bah. I lost but I felt great. After being on the Q-ey for what feels like 15 years you meet up with a lot of those guys, so you get there and you’ve surfed against those guys and your heat strategy shouldn’t be too much different. It’s just that it’s Kelly, the best surfer on the planet ever.

I was chatting with your old boy up there, watching on from the surf club. He seemed pretty chuffed.

Yeah, he loves it. He was so psyched I was in.

How do you think your folks splitting when you were young affected you?

I was four, and at that age I can still remember it, which sucks, but I grew to understand it. I remember watching it all unfold not understanding it, but I think I was glad I did get to see it at the time because once I got older and understood why it made my childhood make more sense. But I don’t think it’s really affected me, and I’m still really close with both of them. Dad lives in Bilinga, and mum lives around the corner at Currumbin.

You’ve got impeccable manners and a good handshake. Where does that come from?

My dad is always big on respect, so I think that aspect comes from him, along with the handshake. But I think socially, a lot of it comes from my mum. She’s so polite and loving. I think I’m a good mix of both my parents.

How did you and Alana meet?

We met in Bali when I was there for the World Junior Titles, three years ago now. She was surfing Canggu and I paddled out and she was out there and we started talking and that was it. I was gone. I fell in love... not sure if she did (*laughing*). I fell in love with her along with a million other dudes. But we got to the end of that year in Hawaii and we started hanging out again and that was it, we were dating.

It seems like you two have a good groove, but being surfing’s celebrity couple must make it hard to have a normal relationship.

(*Laughing*) For how many death threats I get a day, sure, I’m pretty relaxed. There are two ways to look at it, you get rattled or you don’t. We’re just a normal couple, but because we’re in the limelight it makes it different. But our groove is pretty sick. When I’m not in Kauai she’s here, and we make it happen. Long distance is hard, but we’re financially secure and we travel a lot so we just make our travel work for us. Alana’s here now. I did two weeks on Kauai at the start of the year and I’ll do another couple of weeks in July. I like Kauai ‘cause it’s the only place I can get away from everything. My phone doesn’t work, I don’t get anxiety, I drink a million coffees, surf good waves and be with my lady. It’s awesome.

You don’t seem to be a chronic social media oversharer. It seems that the profile of you two together generates enough interest on its own.

I like Instagram but I don’t really chase it. I don’t care. I just feel it’s so easy to become famous these days. You can get famous from Instagram

and I think that’s a little stupid. It annoys me. If Instagram hadn’t been invented there would be so many people you’d never hear of, and that’d be a good thing. This is my cat, Coby. He’s trashed my little garden and turned it into his kitty litter. Look, he even molested the garden gnome. (*At this point Jack’s cat jumps up onto his lap. Jack spins him around*). Check this out. Look at that big nutsack. We’re getting him neutered in two months. (*Talking to the cat*) Yep, they’re gonna be gone soon, mate. He flaunts them in front of the dogs because they’ve already lost theirs. He’s gonna get the shock of his life in a couple of months though. You got no idea what’s coming, hey, buddy?

You also seem to have a pretty well developed sense of personal style, which is kinda at odds with having grown up in the bogansphere of Cooly.

I think it’s just all the travel. I’m not hipster, *per se*, a lot of people call me a hipster but at 23 I can’t even grow a beard. There are so many beards and mullets and long hair and single fins at Byron, they have enough for all of Australia. I’m going the other way; I just shaved my head. Starting my own trend.

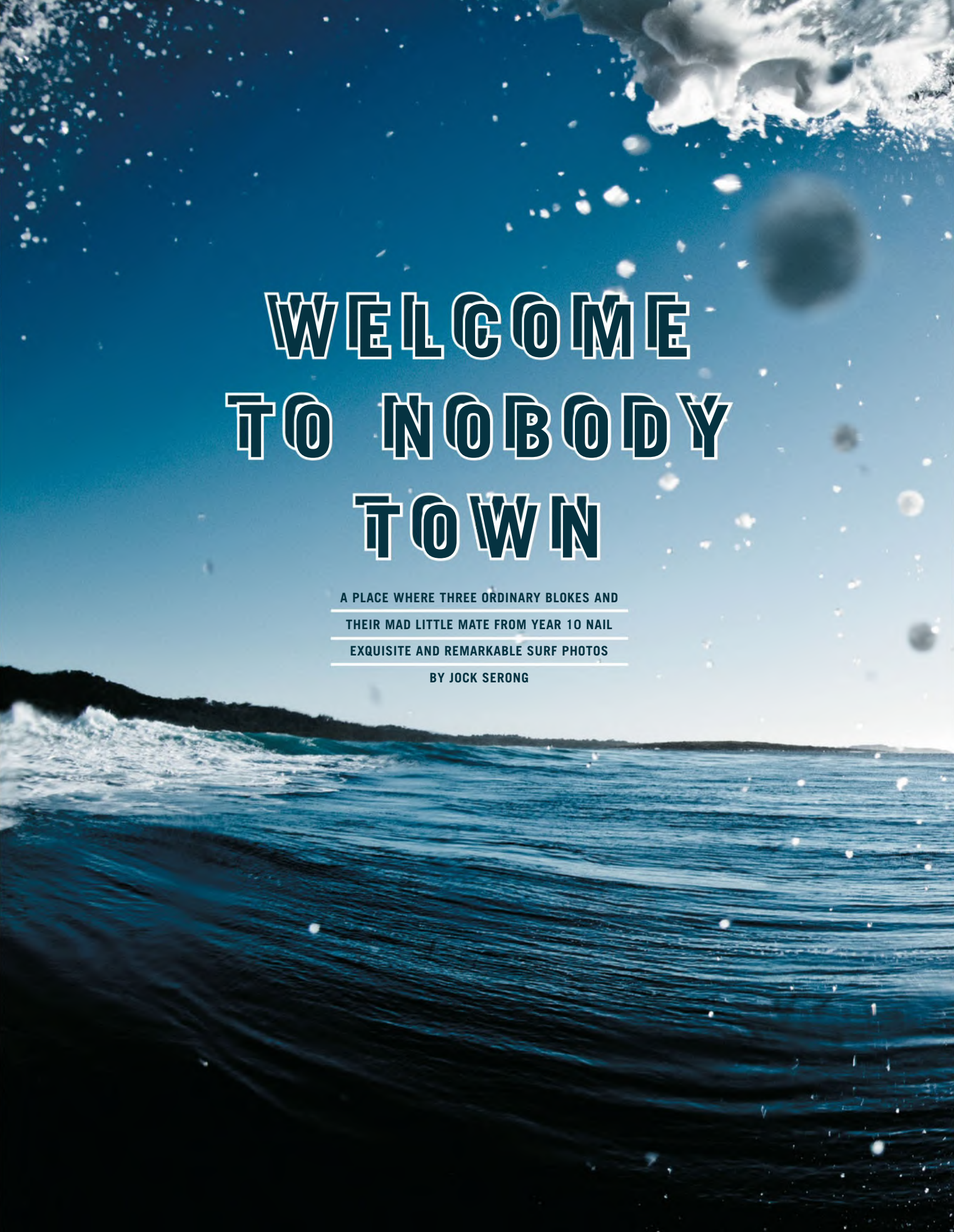
Do you think you’re misunderstood a little?

I’m not sure what people think of me, and I’m not sure what I could do to change it anyway. Online you’re always going to get smashed. That’s what it is. If you put a clip up you’re likely to get written off so hard. Good guy: written off. Dickhead: written off. If you’re anything in between: written off.

I watched a clip of you online the other day they’d put to a Wu Tang track. Third comment down was “I think they could have chosen something more appropriate. Like Taylor Swift.”

Ha ha, yes! That’s so good. There are some sites I just can’t look at though. Before I know it I’m looking at the comments and I’m like, oh, here we go. At least I know it’s not just me. But you take that stuff for what it is, a whole lot of anchors hanging out online together. I’ll judge how I’m going more by the people around me. That’s what matters most. ■

Mondo fin blow on an ocean of sky blue. (Macfarlane) **Previous spread:** Can Jack Free make an instant impact on the big stage of the WSL World Tour? We say yes! (Maxi)



WELCOME TO NOBODY TOWN

A PLACE WHERE THREE ORDINARY BLOKES AND
THEIR MAD LITTLE MATE FROM YEAR 10 NAIL
EXQUISITE AND REMARKABLE SURF PHOTOS

BY JOCK SERONG











“WHEN A SET DRAWS OFF THE REEF AT LOW TIDE YOU CAN’T SWIM OUT AND YOU CAN’T SWIM IN. YOU’RE JUST STUCK IN THIS VORTEX.”

Brett Burcher lives in Narrawally, which is outer Mollymook, which in turn is outer Ulladulla. It’s a coast he knows intimately – until three months ago, he’d lived in the very place his parents brought him home to when he was born. It follows that he has his share of local cred in the water (“Mum’s family in particular go back a long way here”), but even then he’s careful, when describing these shots, about revealing too much of the place or its waves. “It’d be naive to say it’s not creating a bit of froth,” he tells *SW*. “We’ve got ‘community’ waves here – the ones everybody surfs when they’re on. We’ll never shoot those. We shoot the ones no-one goes to, and they’ll never get crowded.”

Burcher’s training to be a teacher, and will probably wind up doing his placements in the very school he went to. Thus the protectiveness – he’s full of affection for the place. “I’ve never been anywhere that compares to here. It’s a great community, quiet but not to the point that nothing’s happening – the city’s within reach and there’s plenty of waves. There’s the mountains, it’s good for kids. And we’ve got the best pie shop in the world.”

Such tranquillity doesn’t sound like the makings of slab-charging hell-men. But as these shots demonstrate, every now and then the conditions turn on in perfect combination. And when they

do, Burcher, together with photographer Simon Punch and surfers Whip Dennis and Leroy Bellet, are on it.

Scott “Whip” Dennis” comes from Bawley Point, another haven on this idyllic coast. He’s a carpenter by trade but is focussed right now on chasing swells and making footage. He teamed up with Burcher so they’d have each other to rely on. “We’ve been on the same page for the last four years, chasing the same thing.” Simon Punch, meanwhile, is one half of the photographic department in this loose corporation. He grew up further north in Bermagui, and with the support of his parents, started out chasing a career in tennis. Three knee ops later, photography was starting to look a little more sustainable. So he set about teaching himself, and got in the habit of “hassling other photographers on the beach – if any of you are reading this, I apologise”. He shoots with a Canon in a housing made by “the guru of housing design”, Dave Kelly at Photo Tech.

As with each of these experimentalists, Punch has multiple dimensions to his act – he’s a qualified plumber, “but I did travel NSW writing and photographing a book on historic pubs,” and has made books on camping and four wheel driving with his wife Vanessa.

The youngest of the crew is Leroy Bellet, currently in year ten, and the sort of kid that Burcher could be teaching in a year or two.

Look deep into the maw behind Whip Dennis in this shot and you can see the mysterious Bunyip-like shadow of Leroy Bellet. We’re calling this kid is going to get an A+ on his photography assignment. (Punch)
Previous spread: Leroy’s view of Whip making a sick one just before his shoulders eat rocks (Bellet).
Opening spread: Mr Brett Burcher, one teacher we suspect will never give Leroy detention. (Bellet)



But he's on a trip that's all his own. Raised in a surfing family, he's got an eye on his younger brother Sonny as a potential shooting partner in years to come. For a comparative youngster, he's got a strong handle on the tech side of his work, and the financial commitment to back it: "Primarily (I'm using) the Nikon D810 in an Aquatech Water Housing," he says. "I have a couple of other DSLRs and a bunch of lenses. I work in a local supermarket after school and weekends, but to be honest, it all pays for itself. I don't mean if everyone goes out and spends 10k on equipment it'll pay off. It's very hard work and I've gotten to a financial point where I'm somewhat committed to it."

Simon Punch sounds a little in awe of the youngster: "It's hard to believe Leroy is still only a grom," he says. "He's already built a solid portfolio and is trying to push the boundaries, putting his body (and super-

expensive camera gear) on the line to nail some different perspectives."

The eight-hour session you see here was an unusual convergence of perfect numbers. The swell was 14-15 seconds, which is long-period for this part of the world, angling from the south and skimmed by a light and persistent westerly. "Even the tide was perfect," says Whip.

"This particular day was so blue, so sunny," Burcher recalls. "It was a two-day swell, a groomed four to six foot with straight, straight lines. The water was clear – maybe too clear, because if it was a little more stirred, Leroy wouldn't have had to be looking at the bottom." The righthander, according to Burcher at least, is a "glorified close-out", a pull-in, barrel and exit through the doggy door, followed by a mercifully deep-water run-off. It's very much an open-ocean environment – there's usually dolphins out there, and seals on the rock ledge

to the south. During a prior session, a bronzy patrolled the channel: "It wasn't a worry because he didn't seem keen on us, and the pickup's pretty quick after you kick out."

The real danger might be as simple as drowning. "There was so much water moving out there," recalls Simon Punch. "When a set draws off the reef at low tide you can't swim out and you can't swim in. You're just stuck in this vortex."

What these guys are doing on the reef that differentiates their trips from the unusual tow-surf missions is the photography. Inspired by the well known images of French pro surfer turned photographer extraordinaire Laurent Pujol, the first guy to really nail the ride-behind angle, the ski driver (either Burcher or Whip in turns) pulls both the surfer and Bellet into the slab, where Bellet shoots over the shoulder and out through the barrel, before allowing the wave



The ride-behind angle continues to deliver incredible images that fire the imagination and inspire the hunt for bigger, deeper barrels. Whip makes it look easy while Leroy braces for more carnage. (Bellet)

to take him down, frequently into a below-sea-level hole they call “the closet”. Here’s how Bellet himself describes the method:

“Let me run you through this. I sit on the back of the rope, rope handle in one hand and camera in the other. The surfer sits on the rope with about a metre gap between us, holding a little knot we made for this purpose, while the driver’s up on the ski, scouting for looming sets. Whoever’s driving gives a shout, then we get up before the set comes in. We generally do two little loops if we have time, just so we’re in the spot, up and ready. The driver stands up and decides which wave of the set – one, two or three fingers to signal first, second or third wave (whichever is biggest). We’re off.

“Coming in is a lot easier on a clean day: otherwise it’s a bumpy ride. We need to time letting go of the rope perfectly, the front surfer lets go and I let go just a fraction of a second

later. If I go first it can fling and wrap the other guy up, which is funny but apparently hurts. Then the first surfer will fade to the inside a little and I follow into the bottom turn. Now I get that heart-in-mouth feeling and an idea of how much water is behind me and how little below me – more than a few profanities have slipped from my mouth on the bottom turn. I throw both arms above my head, tense my core and pull the trigger. The whole time I’m keeping one eye on the surfer and the other in the trough at the bottom of the barrel, looking for a nice place to bail. If I’m not attentive and the guy in front falls, it can end badly. It happened once with Whip and I turned just quick enough to get the fins in the back of my head instead of my face. I got a nice deep wound and a bunch of staples, Whip lost two fins as well (poor guy).

“Whoosh! The bottom appears and I jump forwards, hug the camera, twist to the right and

**“THE CITY’S WITHIN
REACH AND THERE’S
PLENTY OF WAVES.
THERE’S THE
MOUNTAINS, IT’S GOOD
FOR KIDS. AND WE’VE
GOT THE BEST PIE
SHOP IN THE WORLD.”**





“I GOT A NICE DEEP WOUND AND A BUNCH OF STAPLES, WHIP LOST TWO FINS AS WELL (POOR GUY).”

nine out of ten times hit the bottom on my left shoulder. This is followed by a lot of thrashing over the shelf and usually rolling off the other side, down into deeper water. From here, if I'm struggling for breath I let go of the camera: if not I hold onto it and swim up to taste that sweet oxygen.

“This is what happens if everything goes to plan, but majority of the time it doesn't. Really strange way of riding a wave: the whole time thinking about wiping out and having no intention of making it. The hardest part though, by far, is to keep doing it.”

After eight hours of that punishment on the day depicted here, everyone was destroyed, but no-one more so than Leroy. According to Whip, “The grom must've been even more shattered than us. He's taking six to eight-foot beatings. It's his call – he doesn't want the standard fisheye shot. He wants more. I think he's got a few screws loose.”

The perspective from the ski must be horrifying. “He's so far back in the tube he's missing the whole foam ball,” says Burcher. “It gets the surfer in front of him. But Leroy goes hard – he's putting himself in a position where he gets flogged every time. These are long hold-downs. And he's only like 16 – the kid's still in school!”

There's been some heavy situations out there. After one particularly brutal thrashing Leroy surfaced and said, “I think something in my neck just popped.” According to Burcher, they checked him out in the water and “he had this weird fluidy bit of skin the size of a teabag” near the end of his jaw. “What the fuck is that thing?” someone blurted. It didn't stop him though.

Full blown Burch mad snaking high lines across reef less than a mile from the golden realm of Adastral, where card games, fires, fishing and collecting purple rocks are a birthright. (Bellet) **Previous spread:** They don't call this place Nobody Town for nothing. It's big, dangerously shallow, miles from everywhere and there are bunyips urinating on parsley everywhere. Whip takes a drainer while Leroy shoots from the sensible side for once. (Bellet)







Even the best exponents of slab riding can find themselves walking the tightrope at Nobody Town. Burch teeters on the brink of disaster while somewhere nearby a crow lands on a dead tree outside an old church and cacaws ominously. (Punch)

The reward for risking life and limb in a series of deliberate wipeouts is the loading of the photos at the end of it all. "It's different every time," says Leroy. "Some of my work grows on me over time, and some, I instantly know I nailed it. I love to look at all the intricate details in the lip and stuff, the kind of things you don't get to pay as much attention to in the moment." Punch agrees: "It can feel like you've won the lottery when you get a good one (not that I've ever won the lottery). There's plenty of elements which can ruin a frame like water droplets, the surfer's eyes being closed or pulling a Zoolander blue-steel face."

While they're describing these shots to us, the boys are in the car, heading for another reef off South Australia somewhere – a punishing two-day drive loaded up with three huge board-

bags, swags towering on top of them, and the ski trailing behind. Somehow they'll negotiate their way through Adelaide airport and the CBD to pick up a mate, before taking on an "even heavier" slab, using the same madcap Kamikaze shooting technique. But each of them sounds as though they can't imagine life any other way.

"Only boring people get bored," says Punch. "People should spend a little less time checking their Facebook updates and get out more."

At a cursory glance, this could all be interpreted as traditional grommet-hazing. Why stuff a grom in a bin when you can watch him getting flogged on a shallow offshore slab all day long? But you get the sense that the grommet's out in front here, master of his own masochism, and these guys might be capable of anything. ■

**"ONLY BORING
PEOPLE GET BORED.
PEOPLE SHOULD
SPEND A LITTLE
LESS TIME CHECKING
THEIR FACEBOOK
UPDATES AND GET
OUT MORE."**

transfer

SNOWBOARD MAGAZINE

THE
SUPER
HIP

PUSHING PROGRESSION IN
PERISHER

Honshu, Japan

THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE

Searching in The Selkirks

Going Deep in the
B.C INTERIOR

Ryan Tiene

Cruising the
Back Nine



\$11.99 AUD \$5 | 432 09 0220
AUGUST • OCT 2015
ISSN 1836-1972



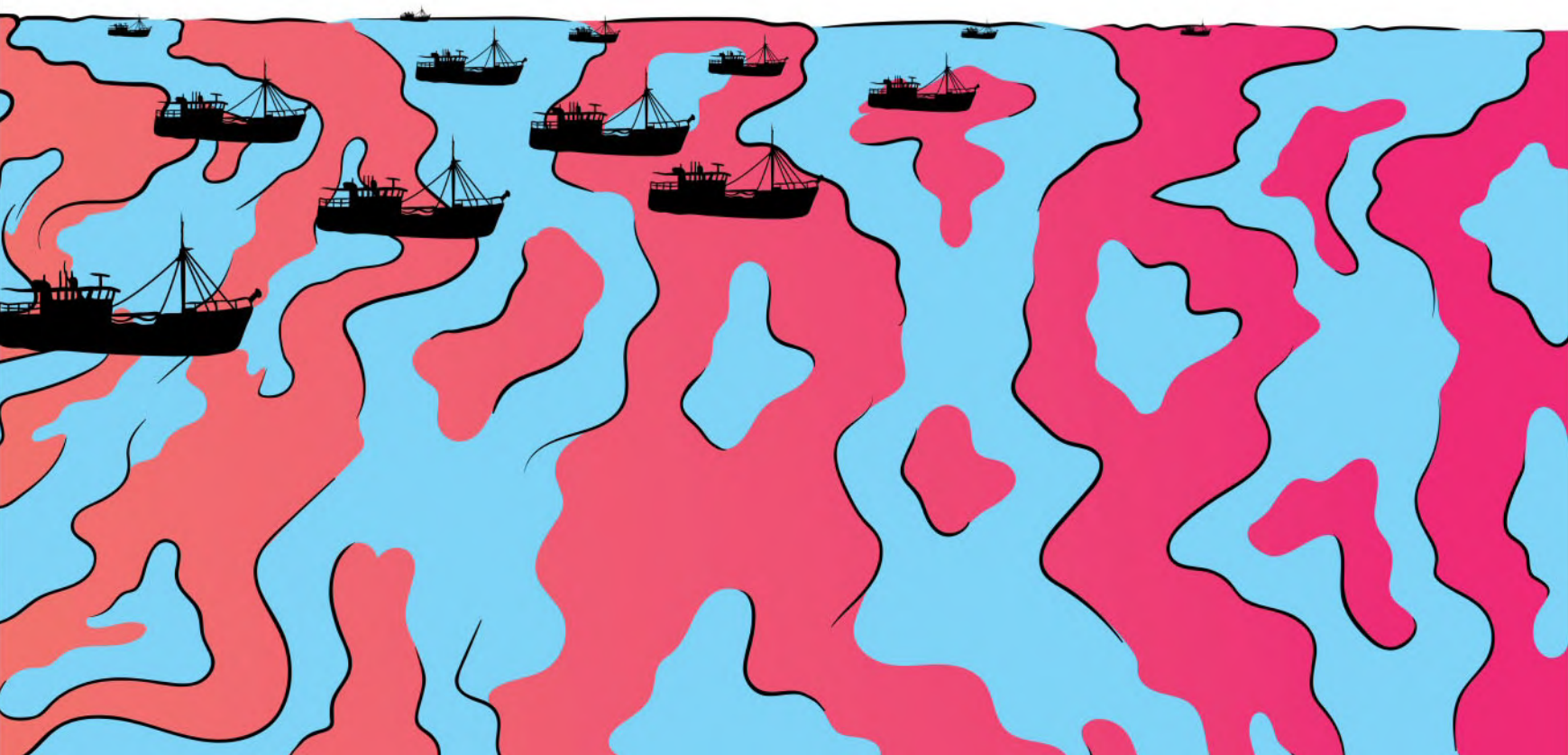
9 771836 1527009

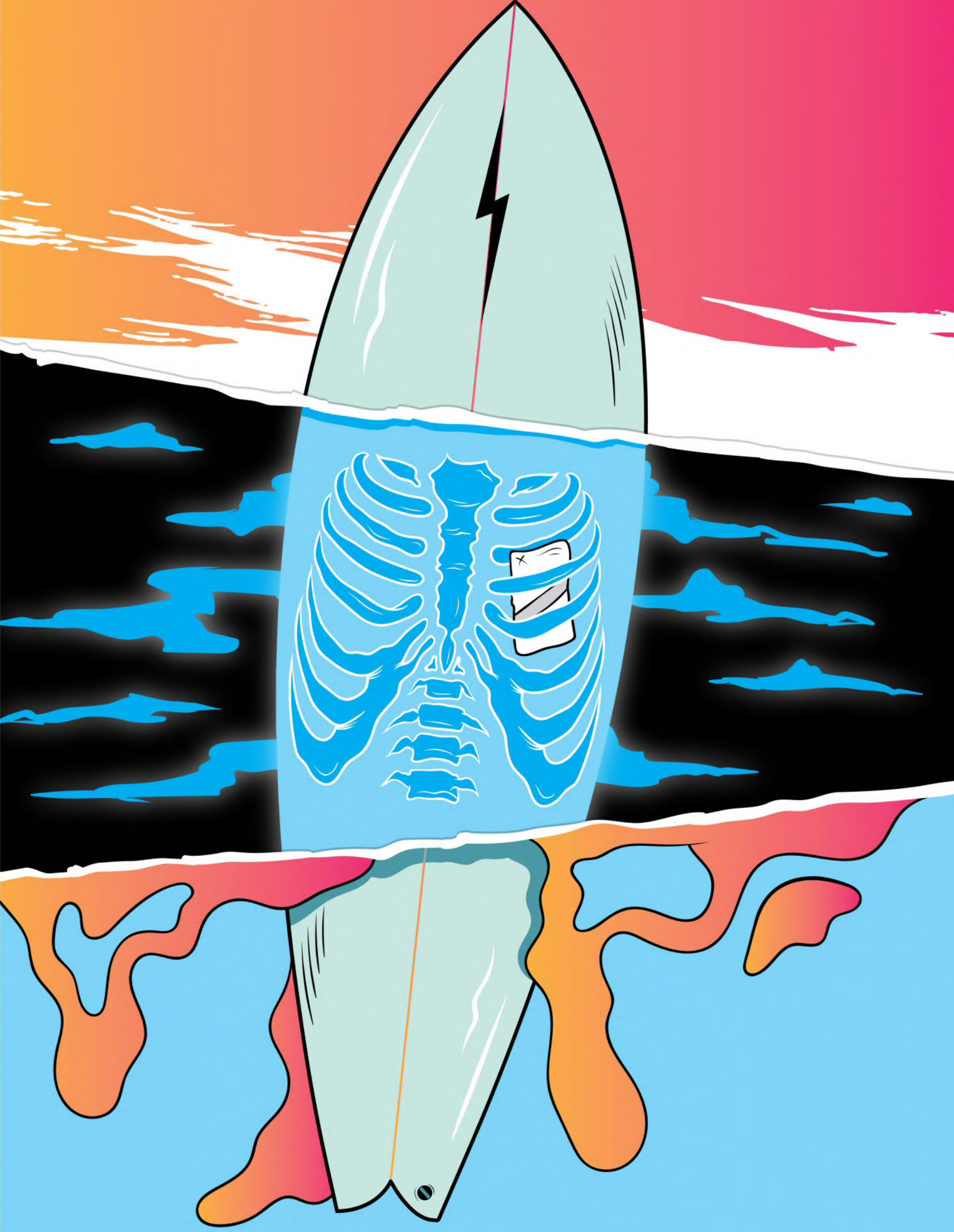
transfer N° **20** *On sale 20th July*



DIRTY WATERS

THE GREATEST SURF FILM YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
BY JED SMITH // ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORBIN NASH





Before setting out on this epic journey, first a disclaimer. Whether you're a surf fan, film fan, or a fan of plain old classic story telling, you're gonna feel ripped off after reading this. Ripped off because Michael Oblowitz's *Sea of Darkness* is for sure one of the greatest documentaries ever made. A film so captivating it had none other than John Milius, the Academy Award winning brain behind *Apocalypse Now*, *Big Wednesday* and *Dirty Harry* among others, trying to convince Hollywood honchos into turning it into the sequel to *Apocalypse Now* after seeing it. Yet unless you're in the tiny fraction of humans lucky enough to have come across a bootleg copy on a hard drive, or who saw the film upon its limited release at a handful of obscure surf film festivals back in 2010, you've never seen it. We needed an explanation as to why, which is exactly why we got the director, Michael Oblowitz on the phone.

Sea of Darkness follows the story of the pioneers of Indonesian surf travel who, as it turns out, were funding their adventures through moving commercial quantities of drugs around the world or illegal salvage diving.

The mastermind was Mike Boyum, the mythical surfer who was among the first to discover G-Land and who would set up the wave's original surf-camp; also the place where many of the drug smuggling schemes were cooked up. There was Peter McCabe, the legendary Newcastle surfer, contemporary of MR, and Indonesian surf-travel pioneer, who would do three years in a New Caledonian prison for cocaine trafficking. There was Jeff Chitty, the salvage diver, who would spend most of his adult life in and out of prison on drug charges, including a decade plus stint in Australia's most notorious prison, Boggo Road. There was Ricky Rasmussen, the stylish New York surfing legend, who'd be shot in the head during a drug deal gone bad in Harlem. And there was Martin Daly, the captain of the Quiksilver Crossing, without whom's consent this film would never have been made. Director Michael Oblowitz, meanwhile, is a lifelong surfer from Cape Town originally and a Hollywood veteran of dozens of films starring the likes of Val Kilmer and Steven Segal. *Sea of Darkness* is a film about outlaws and the force that drives them to the margins of society. In this case the force is surfing.

“THAT’S WHAT I’M LOOKING FOR IN THESE DOCUMENTARIES; TO FIND SOMEONE WHO’S GOING TO UNCORK AND RELEASE SOME KIND OF ETERNAL TRUTH. I DON’T REALLY CARE WHETHER THE ETERNAL TRUTH IS GOOD OR BAD OR DARK OR LIGHT, THERE’RE ALL SORTS OF TRUTHS IN THE WORLD, SO I’M NOT AFRAID OF THE DARKNESS.”

SW: This is one of the greatest tales ever told, surfing or otherwise. Can we go back to the very start when you first caught wind of it?

MO: Well, I was a kid growing up in South Africa, and I was a goofy foot, so when I was young, I was a pretty good surfer back in the single fin days. I grew up in Cape Town, and Cape Town is filled with lefts. We’ve got huge lefts. Back in 1969-70 it was just me and one other guy surfing, not a lot of surfers in the freezing cold. We would go up the west coast, Skeleton Bay kinda area. There were lefts all the way from Cape Town to out there that we used to surf.

We started hearing about these places: Grajagan (G-land), Vanuatu, and Padang Padang in Bali. We’d see photos of them in the magazines, where Lopez and them were surfing, and it was just these amazing waves. We couldn’t go there because of apartheid, they wouldn’t allow South Africans into Indonesia or Malaysia, because those Malaysians and Indonesians were considered “coloured people” by the racist white South African government. This is a conversation I actually had with Shaun Tomson, because the first time Shaun Tomson actually went into Indonesia was when he came with me on the trip, with Martin Daly, to begin *Sea of Darkness*. For goofy footers from that era, in Cape Town, this was a mythical place, G-land, absolutely a mythical place. It was the forbidden fruit that you couldn’t get, so all these stories had leaked back to us.

It was a myth that just stayed with me, like I just knew about it. Later on (much later), I met Martin Daly in the Caribbean. I met him

in Turks and Caicos, and I was hanging out on his boat with him, and he started telling me all the original stories about the Indies Trader, and it turned out that Mike Boyum had been on the boat, and their early forays into G-land and Bali, and various missions that were performed or not performed according to whoever you listen to. That just re-awakened my interest in that story.

Were you fearful of entering the deep dark underworld that Martin must have told you about?

Well, I don’t think I was entering the underworld. I was fearful of Martin, for sure. Martin is a guy you have to be extremely respectful of, he’s a guy that commands respect. Martin is a captain, there’s no two ways about it; he’s a born leader. I would feel safe travelling anywhere with Martin. He could be the leader of a Special Forces team, so he’s the fearless leader type, and as a result, I’m extremely fearful of the fearless leader, and respectful, so I followed Martin’s cues. There were plenty of cues to follow, I got plenty of innuendos from various sources about what I could and couldn’t say, and Jeff Ho, you know from Dogtown, he was visiting us in the editing room, he came in and said, “Well I guess you’re still alive... they’re just waiting for you to finish the Sunny Garcia documentary (*which Mike is making right now - Ed.*), then they’re all gonna come and take care of you.” (laughs). So it’s a dark world. Martin had not seen Jeff Chitty for probably 20 years, partially because Jeff Chitty was in jail for 15 of the 20 years, but I tracked him down, Peter McCabe, and I flew down to Taranaki in New Zealand, and met

with him. He’d only been out of prison for a few months at that point in time. He was really in an advanced state of PTSD after having spent so many years in Boggo Road prison, and I spent a couple of days with him. I would say it was as dark a moment as I’ve experienced on this project, because he was a really formidable guy and a really interesting guy, and a really strong man. You know, to survive that, he was kind of like the Nelson Mandela of drug dealing (laughs). He’d come out of 15 years of being in prison. I don’t make the comparison, I mean they had very different life trajectories, but they both spent a very long time in prison, and quite obviously a lot of it in solitary confinement, and that obviously does something to a man’s psyche and spirit. That’s why he’s such a captivating character on film, because his emotional experience was so raw, and so pent up. That’s what I’m looking for in these documentaries; to find someone who’s going to uncork and release some kind of eternal truth. I don’t really care whether the eternal truth is good or bad or dark or light, there’re all sorts of truths in the world, so I’m not afraid of the darkness.

With all that you know about Bali and Indonesia in the 70s via making the film, what sort of a place do you think that it was?

Well, I think a lot of the flak that I got was from the guys who were there. Bali and G-land were not strange places to Australians and Hawaiians – they were all there. I couldn’t go there, so, however exotic and unique Bali was to those guys, Bali was an abstraction to me, and because it was an abstraction, it was like fantasy land. Because it was fantasy land, it had this kind of otherworldly dimension, so

I don't know what Bali was really like. I'm hypothesising what Bali was like.

There was something that Martin Daly said to me that we had on the door of the editing room at the time, which was "Don't let the truth get in the way of a good story". I'm a narrative filmmaker, I'm not an investigative reporter, I'm not looking to prosecute people. I'm not here to ultimately portray a universal truth, so even though I'm looking for a character that will give a truth, the truth of that character isn't necessarily a coherent and consistent description of events. You see what I'm saying?

So I don't really know what Bali was like, I wasn't there.

Jeff Chitty said something very specific to me about Bali in that period, and why they could move so much product around at that point in time. He said that there were no computers, that this was not an advanced sophisticated society that's looking for people who are moving drugs around. It was a naïve time. Aeroplane tickets in those times were little carbon copy pieces of paper that could be hand manipulated, and I think Martin in *Sea of Darkness* says it very well: Bali at that point was like a little village, today it's like a big city. We haven't seen what's in the movie. I think that's what it was, it was a little village, but it was a very extraordinary place... but I also feel like a lot of the problems that I've encountered with the film and the telling of the story are because I wasn't there. A lot of the guys were there, and the problem is that they didn't make the movie, I did (laughs).

It's interesting that you talk about it being a fantasy for you, and in the telling of the story, some of the tales that are contained in the film are just jaw dropping, like Bill Murray hanging out in your remote jungle camp at G-Land entertaining everyone.

I don't think Peter McCabe or any of those guys are lying. You couldn't have a more authentic narrator from that period than Peter McCabe. Peter McCabe is the man, he was there more than Gerry Lopez, or anyone else. He was there. He was by all accounts the best surfer there, and man when you look at the footage of him, that one shot of him doing that snap on that weird white board is insane, on that big vertical green wall. These guys were living on another level, and I thought I was kind of blessed to tell that tale. It's just a weird confluence of events. I would never have told that story if I hadn't run into Martin, purely by coincidence, in Turks and Caicos. Pure coincidence.

And how forthcoming were your interview subjects on what was going down during that period? Was there anything you couldn't include?

I think a lot of them were quite scared to find out what they'd said, after the fact. A lot of it was filmed on the Indies Trader in various trips, and we'd run into people on other trips like Bruce Raymond, so there's a lot more film than is in the film; hours of footage.

They were fairly gregarious, none of them really knew what the movie was about, I think they'd seen a couple of Steven Seagal action movies that I'd made, that Martin

had lying around on the boat, so I kind of had some credibility, because I'd made very uncontroversial movies that guys like to watch while hanging around after a hard day's surfing. There was no idea that lurking inside me was this kind of interrogative filmmaker, so people were very open, I mean there were things they didn't want to talk about, I didn't force anybody to say anything. I went through a rigorous editorial process because I tried to give everyone an opportunity, as much as possible, to look at the rough cuts.

Bruce Raymond came round to our editing room in Venice on a number of occasions, I sent copies to Martin. John Milius (who's in the movie and who wrote the script for *Apocalypse Now*), and Leonard Brady, his assistant (who's an ex-editor of *Surfer Magazine*, and a Pipeline surfer from the 70s era with Lopez) were de facto representatives of Gerry Lopez in the process to make sure that I didn't say anything defamatory about Gerry. Gerry was a very skittish subject. When I approached him about filming him talking about Mike Boyum, his exact words to me were "Mike Boyum was a dear friend, and I don't want to do anything to denigrate his history and his story and his legacy", and I respected that, I wasn't really trying to denigrate Boyum's history or legacy, it's just that a lot of people had a lot of different opinions about Mike Boyum. Some were positive and some were negative.

In many ways, I viewed the film like Kurosawa's movie *Rashomon*, you know the great Japanese action movie, where they tell five different points of view. Everybody has a different point of view for the same story, so



“THERE IS NO OBJECTIVE TELLING OF HISTORY, ALL TELLING OF HISTORY IS SUBJECTIVE, BECAUSE OF PEOPLE. THERE IS NO OBJECTIVE PERSON”

you keep the same story, which is almost like a Shakespearean kind of tale of redemption and revenge, but they repeat it from five different perspectives of people within the story, so you tell the story from the point of view of the samurai, you tell the story from the point of view of the victim, so that's kind of how I saw each participant in the film, telling their particular story about Mike Boyum and G-land. I ended up with a number of contradictory tales that I had to somehow blend together, and in the end you couldn't even tell if Boyum was dead or alive, and I was happy with that.

It took a helicopter and a fishing net to catch him in New Caledonia. What kind of a character was he, as far as you've learnt?

I think that he really is one of the most influential surf people. I think he has had an extremely positive effect on the way contemporary surfers and extreme sportsmen live their lives. I think he had a very, very advanced nutritional program that was way ahead of its time; I mean his notion of eating red yeast rice. It's now proven that red yeast rice lowers your cholesterol, it's an extremely healthy antioxidant. His rigorous fasting and veganism – if you read any advanced nutritionist who operates in that sphere, they all tell you that regular fasting is extremely healthy; prolongs your life and counteracts all sorts of ailments.

So I think he was extremely ahead of his time. I think that Boyum's idea of travelling to all these exotic surf spots like Vanuatu and the Philippines, Cloud 9 and G-land, and even being in Bali, without a doubt he was the greatest innovator of the modern era of surfing, not as much as he was a great surfer, he wasn't like Simon Anderson, or Wayne Lynch. It's not so much that he was a superior athlete, he was a lifestyle innovator, and that lifestyle that he created, travelling outside of the luxurious norm of searching for perfect waves, of yoga, and finding alternative economies to survive, I think was very, very influential on young surfers of today. You know Rastovich, people like that, they come straight out of the Boyum marvel. The fact that he financed his innovation with drug dealing, that's what he did, you know, it depends on your perception of an alternative economy. I'm not judging that. Certainly Milius was... but John Milius perceived this documentary, in his own words, as the sequel to the “Charlie Don't Surf” sequence in *Apocalypse Now*. Remember that sequence?

Absolutely.

Milius had seen a number of versions, and he was involved in it. He let me film him, and we became friendly. We decided to pitch a feature version. You know, this is way before movies like *Drift*. This is like 2009, so a friend of ours who's an executive in a very big studio

in Hollywood, huge studio, and an old surfing friend of mine, was at this point in the early days of his career as the head of production at the studio. He would often talk surfing, about making a big surf movie, but we never got much further. At this point, I now had John Milius, the guy who wrote *Apocalypse Now* and *Jaws*, and wrote and directed *Big Wednesday* and countless other amazing projects, and is probably the most intelligent human being I've ever met in my life; one of the greatest screenwriters of all time – academy awards, the whole deal, and also a guy who's surfed since he was really, really young. Not some Johnny-come-lately Hollywood surfer. A guy who was fucking surfing with Miki Dora in Malibu when he was 14, so his bona fides are unbelievable, and he wrote *Apocalypse Now* before Coppola even... you know, he wrote it on spec, and he wrote it around that “Charlie Don't Surf” sequence, because he was fascinated by surfing and by (Joseph) Conrad, right, Colonel Kurtz, which is why I call the movie *Sea of Darkness*, because it's a homage to *Heart of Darkness*.

So I managed to get Milius on the phone with this guy from the studio, and for a couple of hours, listened to what was probably for me the greatest creative moment of my life, hearing the fucking guy that wrote *Apocalypse Now* pitch, on the phone, the surf movie that I'm going to direct, and he is going to write, from my *Sea of Darkness* fucking documentary,

“I THINK AN ARTIST IS AN INFERIOR ARTIST IF THEY SHY AWAY FROM CONTROVERSY”

and the sequel to the “Charlie Don’t Surf” sequence in *Apocalypse Now*. I’m going, dude, my life is about to change, there is no way that the Hollywood guys could not buy this. This was before *Chasing Mavericks*, it was before everything. Dude, it was unbelievable, and the only problem was that nobody had recorded it, and at the end of this massive, extraordinary pitch, the executive said I just don’t get the story. That’s Hollywood. The reason why he didn’t get the story was that was not the moment when they were doing surf movies. If we’d have pitched that story after *Sea of Darkness* came out, maybe a year or two later when everyone was trying to do surf movies like they are now, that would have been made, he would have got the story. The biggest shame was that not long after I filmed Milius and after we had that extraordinary pitch, Milius gets struck by a stroke, and I don’t think he’s really talked much ever since then.

That is the real tragedy of *Sea of Darkness*. The real tragedy isn’t all these guys that like it or don’t like it, it is what it is, the real tragedy was this great voice, this absolutely amazing voice of culture and, for surfing, the single greatest voice of surfing, John Milius, *Big Wednesday*, was silenced by the hand of god, not long after this major studio had a listen to his pitch for the theatrical narrative dramatic version of *Sea of Darkness* and said “I just don’t get the story.” I don’t think I’ve told that to anybody.

They’re happy to tell the story of bloody *X-Men* seven times over, but not your...

I couldn’t believe it, since then everybody’s been trying to make this movie. I’ve ripped the script three times over and I went through countless permutations of trying to get this thing out, and hopefully if there is a God who slaps people in the face and commits crimes

against humanity all over the place, perhaps he’ll cut me a little slack and let this fucking movie come out now. Finally let me make the story that I heard John Milius pitch.

Is it possible that Mike Boyum is still alive?

I reckon it’s extremely possible, I think it’s absolutely extremely possible, because nobody’s ever exhumed the body. Nobody’s fucking done that. If there is a body, who the fuck knows? It’s not very hard to disappear in Hawaii, it’s not very hard to disappear anywhere, especially when the major era of your life was outside of the computer era, and Boyum was certainly smart enough to be able to assume other identities. It’s quite easy that he could be alive, and I think the beauty of this story is that, we have a central character that isn’t resolved. I like that, and I mean, all the screenwriters that I’ve worked with, who’ve developed this as a narrative feature, have all thrown their hands up in dismay because I don’t want to resolve my character, but John Milius seems to be quite ok with a character that we never knew whether he lived or died. I like mystery, I think it’s a great starting point, you know.

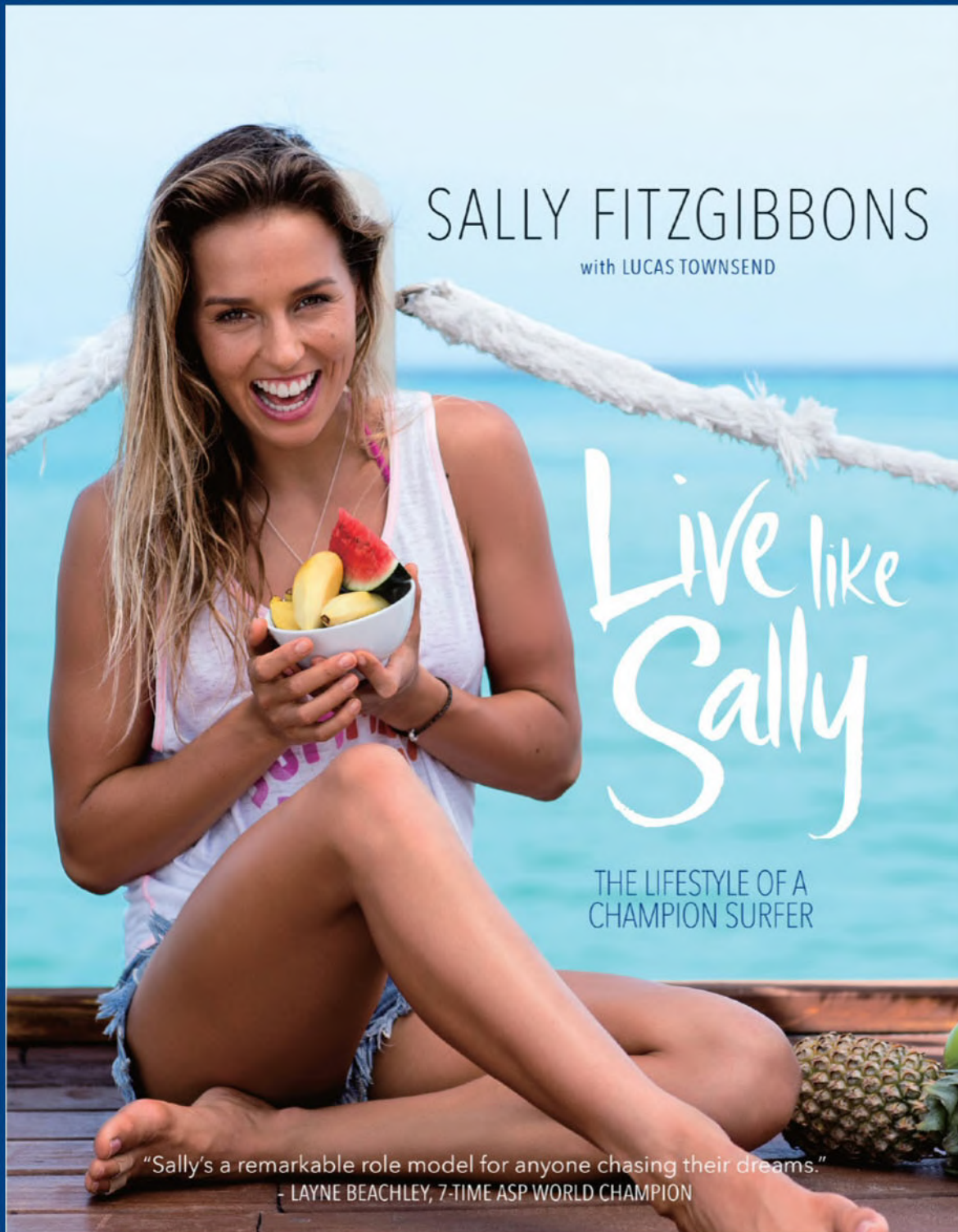
***Sea of Darkness* came out at select film festivals around the world, then disappeared. What happened?**

It won all these festivals, right, it never was entered into a festival it didn’t win, and then there was a massive backlash. I mean, I got emails from Gerry Lopez and everybody was getting extremely pissed off and I was going, “Dude, you guys signed releases.” I was very open with allowing everybody to look at the film, because I knew how controversial the subject matter was. I screened it for Fast Eddie, I screened it for everybody, and said give me the input. I was all about that. I’m not looking

to hang people out to trial, to put people in jail, I’m not a cop, I’m not a snitch, that’s not my intention. You know, I was just listening to what Martin Daly said, telling a good story.

There was also the controversy; Martin at that point had the (Quiksilver) Crossing, and that was coming to an end, but he had his relationship with Quiksilver. There were a lot of people who had agendas. Suddenly, I think when they saw the power of the film, their lives were flashing before their eyes. Quiksilver had become a public company, and so I was in the midst of a lot of controversy, so there were a lot of attempts to just shut the movie down and make it disappear, make me disappear, or make us both disappear. But these things take on a life of their own, so I’m really hoping that this current iteration of Goldcrest will move forward, and that the movie will see the light of day. It’s just a great story, and it’s a great document of an era. It is an era that I lived through. Whether I was actually in all of those iterations or not, I lived through it in the same way any historian has told history from Herodotus of the ancient Roman times, to Fernand Braudel telling the story of The Mediterranean in the 30s and 40s. There is no objective telling of history, all telling of history is subjective, because of people. There is no objective person. The nature of the language is that it is subjective, not objective. You have objective elements and you have subjective elements, so everybody tells the story as they know it, as they come to tell it, and that’s what I did. I told the story as I came to tell it, and I think that offended a lot of people, as it would, and it also won a lot of people over, as it should. I think an artist is an inferior artist if they shy away from controversy, and my model of an artist would be someone like Bob Dylan. He’s certainly no stranger to telling controversial stories, even in the sound of his voice. ■

ON SALE NOW





IAN COSENZA AT DESERT POINT, BY WOODY GOOCH

POPSICLES

WINTER FRAMES SO COOL AND

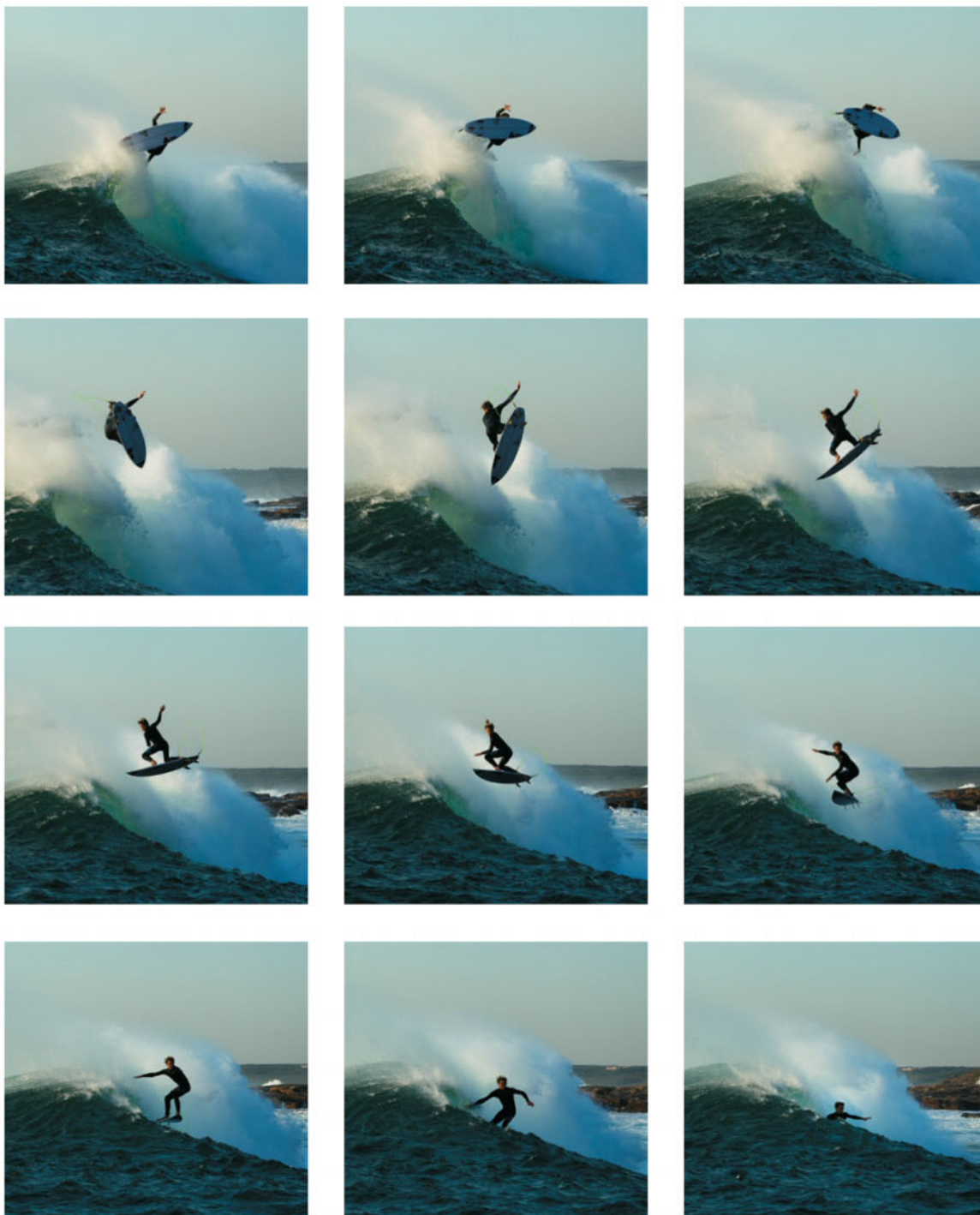
SWEET YOU CAN TASTE 'EM



JULIAN WILSON AT NOOSA, BY JACK DEKORT







Kael Walsh at North Point, by Peter Boskovic



JACK LYNCH AT NOOSA, BY NATHAN OLDFIELD





JULIAN WILSON AT NOOSA, BY JACK DEKORT



LETTY MORTENSEN AT NSW MID NORTH COAST, BY PETER BOSKOVIC

POPSICLES

CAPTIONS BY CHRIS BINNS

SPREAD 1

IAN COSENZA AT DESERT POINT

BY WOODY GOOCH

"This was the first time I'd ever been to Desert Point and I've still never seen anything like it. This day was especially mondo extreme. There were two Brazilians going absolutely crazy, bomb after bomb until the sun faded behind the mountain. Ian Cosenza is clearly the most stoked Brazilian ever and that's saying something because those guys seem to always be stoked." – WG

SPREAD 2

HAYDEN CERVI AT NOOSA

BY ALEX BENAUD

"The photo was taken at First Point, Noosa in the middle of the summer holidays. Noosa is renowned for its over-populated points and this picture shows just that. Hayden and I decided to try something different with the sun being in a nice position. I think it is something abstract, something different, but still captures the atmosphere of summer in Noosa!" – AB

SPREAD 3

JACK ROBINSON AT TEAHUPO'O

BY LUKE SHADBOLT

"Small days are usually the ones that people take things the most for granted and get hurt, but on this afternoon the alert switches definitely had to be on! Being surrounded by the right people plays a big part in everybody being accurate and organised out there. Knowing what's under your feet is crucial too, and Eric Arakawa definitely makes sure of that for me at Teahupo'o! Great day." – JR

KAEL WALSH AT NORTH POINT

BY PETER BOSKOVIC

"This session was pretty mental! A couple of barrels and few mega air sections. It took a while to snag this gem from a pretty heavy crowd, so I didn't want to hold back or blow it! I flung myself through this rotation, into the flats on my brand new Channel Islands Girabbit and managed to hang on. So stoked Bosko nailed the shot!" – KW

SPREAD 4

JACK LYNCH AT NOOSA

BY NATHAN OLDFIELD

"The inside section of National Park was the pick of the points this year, and for four days straight

we'd get down to the Point at first light and post up with an unnecessary amount of surfboards for the day. It was pretty packed, but there were generally pretty positive vibes in the water. The waves were pumping for any sort of craft that isn't your standard tri fin. Locals like Thomas Bexon and Jai Lee held it down out there, but Knost was probably putting on one of the best displays of progressive logging my eyes have ever seen. All in all it was a pretty fun few days of epic sessions in the sun." – JL

SPREAD 5

JULIAN WILSON AT NOOSA

BY JACK DEKORT

"This was such a full on day! It took almost an hour to get a car park in the National Park and the rangers were out in full force killing everyone's vibes. Once we finally snatched a park I set up overlooking The Boiling Pot. The sweep was running strong, sorting out most of the mass scratching for their shot at glory, which made it easy for Julian and a handfull of local lads to get their fill." – JD

LETTY MORTENSEN ON THE MID NORTH COAST

BY BOSKO

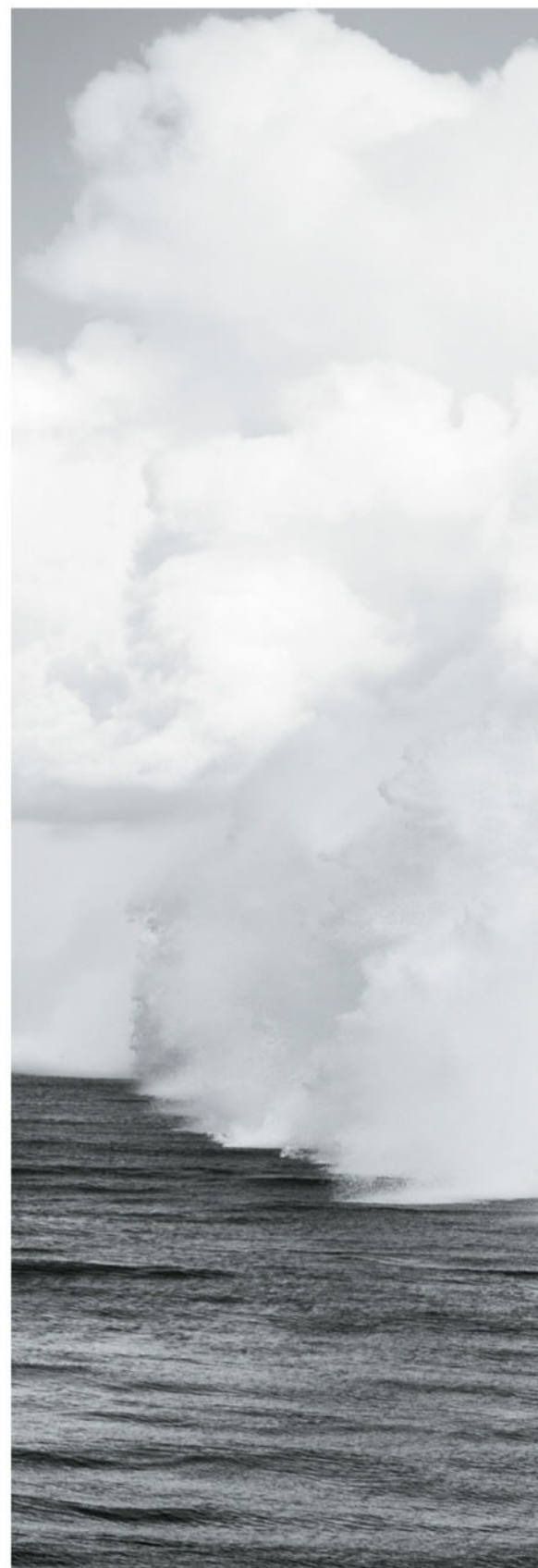
"I was doing little road trips up the coast with Bosko and Matt Banting and Ryan Callinan. Surfing with guys at that level is so inspiring. Their make rates are out of this world, like 90 per cent of everything they do they just nail with such confidence. It fires you up to surf out of your comfort zone for sure." – LM

SPREAD 6

JACK ROBINSON AT TEAHUPO'O

BY LUKE SHADBOLT

"It wouldn't be a stretch to say that Jack is the best 17 year old surfer in the world, probably by a long shot. He's got a perfect blend of old school style and rail control, a modern air game, and then you throw in the fact that he'll *paddle* into a 12-footer at Teahupo'o and casually pull in without grabbing rail. It's all quite ridiculous to witness really. Plus he seems like a good kid. I like how in this shot you can't really tell where the whitewash ends and the clouds begin. If you surf, or even if you don't, seeing Teahupo'o at size should be on everyone's bucket list." – LS





JACK ROBINSON AT TEAHUPO'O BY LUKE SHADBOLT



SURFINGNSW.COM.AU



NRMA NSW JUNIOR STATE SURFING TITLES

PORT MACQUARIE 10-16 JULY 2015



port macquarie
COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL





FAR OUT FREAKY GROOVY

AMAZING STORIES FROM THE INCREDIBLE LIFE
OF HAWAIIAN SHAPER, SURFER, ICON... RENO ABELLIRA
BY SEAN DOHERTY // PHOTOS BY JEFF DIVINE





Reno was a child prodigy who went on to define modern style in the early 70s. His flare in waves of consequence was matched only by his incredible fashion sense. **Opposite:** A fine shaper, Reno learned all he knew from master craftsman Dick Brewer. **Above:** Tuck and load. High trim at J-Bay. **Previous spread:** Body jive talkin' Off The Wall.

It's his karaoke go-to, and it's kind of fitting that Reno Abellira can stand up in a room full of strangers and belt out *Purple Rain* with all the charisma of Prince himself. The diminutive Hawaiian – much like the diminutive Minnesotan – ran some flamboyant style side-by-side with an enigmatic air. For a Brewer disciple who played a pivotal role in the shortboard revolution, a guy who finished fourth in the world and a guy who won on arguably the biggest contest day ever surfed at Waimea, in some ways Reno has fallen through the cracks of surfing history. In a lot of ways that's a product of Reno himself. Despite all his achievements and his penchant for flair, he's preferred to stay in the background and live privately. I tracked him down on the North Shore last winter, and after a series of phone calls and a preliminary meeting he agreed to an interview. We catch up on a rainy Wednesday night at Ruby Tuesday's in Mililani, Reno waiting, shirt undone to the chest, tiki necklace swinging, looking more 44 than 64. Over an undercooked salmon dinner we talked. Reno's articulate, a student of Hawaiian history and culture, and on this night, totally animated and fun. Man, I learned a lot. His stories were great, everything from the meeting of the shortboard tribes at Honolulu in 1967 to the time he stayed at Cactus for ten weeks, where the locals in the Penong pub mistook him for a teenage aboriginal girl and tried to hit on him.



WAIKIKI. My very first surfing experience was with my uncle, who was a beach boy at Waikiki who'd later become a famous songwriter. I was born in 1950, so it was 1952 when my uncle paddled out with me, and I remember even at that age the sound of the board chattering as it went along. That sound really stuck with me. And then he spun me up on his shoulders and I'm riding the wave and he's holding me up one-handed, lifting me up in the air flying along.

My dad was a boxer. His bouts would sometimes take him to the mainland but there'd often be a long time between them, so we kinda grew up poor. My dad was killed with a bullet in the back. It was in a pool hall. Upstairs there was a gambling syndicate and my dad having been a boxer was the strong-arm who'd circulate around the tables and make sure no one caused trouble. But the faction he worked for was big, and there were other groups who wanted some of the action and they had to get my father out of the way. They had a contract put out on him, he was murdered and it was never solved. The police never solved it anyway.

I had an extended family, which is a fairly common thing in Hawaii. If the parents can't take care of the kid or the grandparents, there will be aunts or uncles – not related – who will look after you, and the system is called *hanai*. So Buttons and I kind of experienced that, loosely knit family members, the basic premise being that you always must take care of the kids.

In 1959 George Downing opened his concession on the beach at Waikiki, an A-frame shape, post-modern Polynesian building right on the beach where everyone gravitated. We'd hang at Waikiki there every day and it was like the epicentre of my surfing universe. Down the beach was where everyone started out as a kid riding a rubber mat, a *paipo*, or if you couldn't afford a *paipo* you'd surf a cafeteria food tray like Buttons.

SHORTENING. The very first Dick Brewer board I got to ride was this Brewer Hobie. This thing was 10'2", a typical gun shape, large squaretail, sleek, must have been 50 pounds. I got to borrow that board

and I'm maybe 100 pounds and 5'2" and I rode it and it worked for me. I could ride the nose, I could turn, I could cruise on it. In 1965 some of my other friends like Jock Sutherland and Jeff Hakman, they were riding for Hobie Hawaii and Jeff Hakman had a board I used to borrow/steal from Mrs Sutherland's house. We're all coming down to Chuns and that board, an 8'6" Dick Brewer with pink inset foam on the double stringers, was a beautiful board. It was a scaled down version of what Buzzy Trent would ride.

My point here is there were always smaller boards, but they were scaled down versions of the bigger boards and they were pre-empting the shortboard revolution. I didn't meet Dick till mid-'65. I was 15 years old and he was at that time making boards for Bing, and one of the models that worked in Hawaii was the Bing Pipeliner model. I had three or four of my friends getting the Pipeliner board direct from Dick – Jock Sutherland was riding them, Jimmy Lucas was riding them – and I got one of the last Dick made for Bing. In '66 I was Hawaii state noseriding champion. RB

THEY HAD TO GET MY FATHER OUT OF THE WAY. THEY HAD A CONTRACT PUT OUT ON HIM, HE WAS MURDERED AND IT WAS NEVER SOLVED.

(Brewer) was on terms with my uncle and he saw potential in me competitively. It was the year after I'd lost my dad, and my uncle was dying of lung cancer, and it was like RB was coming into my life to become my surrogate dad.

In the aftermath of my uncle dying I took my first pro winnings – 600 bucks – and bought a one way ticket to California and stayed with a bunch of Hawaiian guys already living over there. I stayed for the school year, but the important part was I was an alternate on the Hawaiian surf team at the '66 world contest that Nat Young won. So bang, here comes the death of nose riding and the birth of the shortboard.

MAUI. I got back to Hawaii in '67 and by that time Dick wanted me on his surf team and I was telling him I wanted to learn how to shape. Gerry and I became friends that same year. We met and started surfing for Brewer and we apprenticed at the same time, but Gerry was ahead of me on the tools. I took a board that I'd chipped down from a ten-foot balsa malibu that someone had given me in Waikiki, and I shaped it into this teardrop mini-gun. There were issues with the wood – bumblebees had bored through it – and I was killing myself with balsa dust, so I wrapped that thing up in a sleeping bag and went to Maui where Dick Brewer was working and living.

That was the winter McTavish surfed the Duke contest with the Fantastic Plastic, the V-bottom hull boards with the super-wide tails that had been influenced by George Greenough. I remember watching Greenough surf Backyards on this huge day, watching him surf these insane lines, just flying under the lip at 90 miles an hour. At that time we were more concerned about outline and less about length. We were going for the real sleek, streamlined spear of a board with the narrow tail and

pulled-in nose. Dick shaped a 9'6" for me, then a 9'9" for Gerry too.

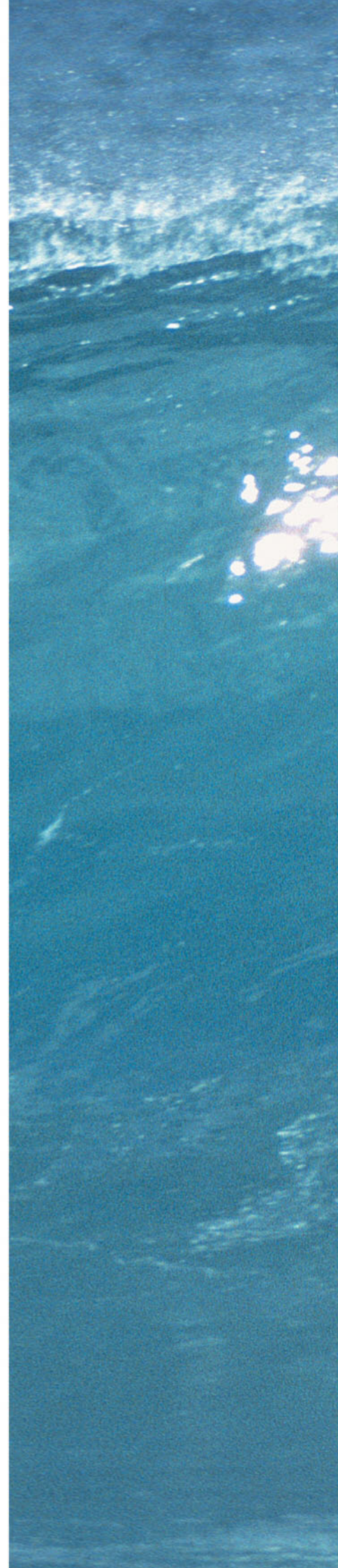
Then McTavish and Nat show up on Maui with their short boards and the first wave Nat catches at Honolua, he takes off and does this bottom turn, the typical into the hook, does it again then *fwoom*, the board goes sideways, he falls off in the Cave section, and the board goes into the rocks. Nat comes in freaking, and that was the end of the so-called "perfect" session at Honolua. When Nat broke his board, me and RB are down there in the camper with Dick's wife at the time, and Nat walks over all sheepish cause he wants to get his board repaired and we're the only people on the island who have resin. We felt they'd come to pillage Honolua, get the shot and get out.

Me and Dick were camped at Honolua and actually the day before this, I was riding my brand new 9'6" and the waves were almost twice as big. I surfed 12-foot Honolua on my brand new board and there were only four of us out and it was perfect, perfect Honolua. My board snapped inside the barrel. There was so much force in there I remember the board compressing like a waffle and just liquefying under my feet.

So McTavish and Brewer got into this two-day argument. "You're doing it all wrong, you've got to have the wide-ass tail!" And Brewer was like, "Nah, that'll spin out." It was going back and forth and Dick is saying the mini-gun is the answer. RB says, "I agree we're pulling down the length but not that shit!" McTavish pulls this blank out and goes, "I'll show you!" and Brewer goes, "Fine!" In less than an hour McTavish shapes this vee bottom board, 7'11". I was like, is everyone losing their minds?

When the Aussies split, Brewer's shaping Gerry's board and he saws off the tail then

Possibly the only surfer in the world to make budgie smugglers look cool. Reno goes deep line at the Backdoor.









NAT WAS A VEGETARIAN – THE MOST AGGRO VEGETARIAN I’VE MET

redraws it turning a 9’9” into an 8’6”. What Brewer did by chopping off the tail, was that he re-templated the whole board. Gerry was freaking out, almost crying. So Brewer saws the tail then cuts some vee in Gerry’s board, then when he finished he did the same thing with my balsa board. That was an 8’1” and that was my new gun that I brought back to Oahu with me. Gerry had his 8’6” and that was the very first board Gerry ripped on at Pipeline. It all happened on Maui, and the following year Brewer left and moved to Kauai.

KAUAI. Gerry and I are both there on Kauai in the summertime, apprenticing for Dick Brewer, living with him in Hanapepe. We were surfing Pakalas and a place called Acid Drops. There was nobody around and there was insane surf. In those days you had to walk five miles on the beach into Pakalas ‘cause the Robinsons, the owners, they’d take your board and you’d be arrested for trespass if you tried to walk through the village.

So in that summer of ’67, the thing Gerry, Dick and I are trying to get at, the thing was shorter, lighter, and faster. It also meant moulding our bodies to do what our minds wanted us to do. Gerry and I wanted to be the first guys to do the full 360 on the wave, and we were really worried Wayne Lynch was going to be the first guy to do it, because we’d seen pictures of him going straight down, then straight up. The going vertical thing was in our mind, but we wanted to go beyond that and go right around. So Gerry and I were right into yoga, we’d get up at five in the morning to meditate, and Dick was on fire at that stage, all charged up. We were surfing together and eating well, Dick had a new wife and he was happy. My shaping was coming along; it was all happening.

Gerry, myself and Dick started out as the nucleus of the shortboard movement in Hawaii, based around the mini-gun lines being refined. But Gerry early on went his own way. Gerry was good enough to be more than Dick’s apprentice. I was still Dick’s team rider and we developed that board, the flip nose, which came about because Dick Brewer was a former water skier. We both knew speed was utmost and after that we’d figure out the rest, how to turn it. Dick and I were on the same level. We understood each other to the point where we didn’t have to speak much, and I thought he was the best. What we collaborated on was what we wanted to do on a wave. That was our starting point. And it was always, “Why not? If we go too far we can always pull it back.” You’d push to that extreme then pull it back.

THE SMIRNOFF. I’d have to say winning the Smirnoff at Waimea was the pinnacle of my big-wave surfing career. I’d been a finalist in the Duke a handful of times but I’d never won the Duke, so it was always a regret, competitively speaking, that I didn’t get one.

The night before the Smirnoff I could hear the swell. I was living on the Kam Highway at Backyards, up from Ted’s Bakery and I could hear through the night the surf pounding, the ground shaking. It was a rudimentary surf prediction but I remember someone telling me the surf was still coming up. I’d seen Sunset close out the night before, and it sounded even bigger the next morning. I got a good sleep and woke up early that morning and right at seven I heard this frantic knock on the door, “Reno! Reno! Get up! It’s fucking huge!” It was Jimmy Lucas at my door, freaking out. His eyeballs were out of his head. I’m like, “Okay, okay, cool it down. Let’s have some granola.” He could hardly talk, jumping around in my garage. But that morning everybody was

One of Reno’s best friends and contemporaries was Gerry Lopez who would go on to own the Pipeline. It must be said though, Reno didn’t go too bad out there either.

GERRY IS PADDLING UP THE FACE ON THIS RED AND ORANGE BOARD AND I CAN SEE THE FEAR IN HIS FACE. HIS EYES WERE THIS BIG AND HE JUST BAILS THE BOARD. I MADE THE DROP AND IT TURNED INTO THIS MOUNTAIN OF WHITE WATER. IT HAD TO BE 35 FOOT.

freaking out, and I'd admit if they chose not to run that day I wouldn't have been upset. But they made the call and we surfed.

Personally, I was really tired of coming in second to Jeff (*Hakman*). I was waiting for a day when I thought we'd be on neutral ground – not at Sunset – because at that moment in time at a certain size, especially at Sunset, he was almost impossible to beat. At Waimea though I saw a chink in the armour. He just didn't seem as sure of himself... not that I was completely either, but I felt that with my commitment to the wave there was an opportunity.

Once I was out there the height seemed less important than the volume of water in the wave. The whole heaving action of the wave was intense. I never got a bad take off. On some of the waves I felt it wasn't near the impact zone, it was closer to the channel, and I'd pop up and my board would be close by so I didn't have to swim much.

Then about midday when the swell peaked I'd gotten the biggest drop I'd ever had at Waimea. This one wave I got, I got it off José Angel. Peter Cole, Kimo Hollinger and José, they were all out there, didn't worry that the contest was on. The set comes, I put my head down and paddle for it, but I look to my side and I see José paddling for it. By my fourth stroke I'm yelling, "José? José?" And I remember his deep roar, "Goooooo! Goooooo!" I was blinded by spray, as I got to my feet my board drops out from under me and I felt like I was going over the falls. The board fluttered under me and my feet aren't there and I'm weightless then finally I get one foot on and I stood up. That was the top of the wave, but I wasn't near the double-up yet. The bottom fell out of the

wave again, and as I drop down it, guess who was paddling up the face? Gerry Lopez. Gerry is paddling up the face on this red and orange board and I can see the fear in his face. His eyes were this big and he just bails the board. I made the drop and it turned into this mountain of white water. It had to be 35 foot. I don't know what happened to Gerry. I felt like if I'd survived that wave it might be my day.

By the afternoon the waves were evening out a bit, they were less hairy on the take off, and it was breaking end-to-end across the bay. I just sort of stayed consistent for the next two heats and I was announced the winner. I was elated, super fatigued but just on a high. It was Thanksgiving Day and a full moon and we had a turkey dinner that night, so it was pretty epic all around.

BUTTONS. I'm living across the street from V-Land, and at that time there's a heavy-duty local pack on it, and you couldn't get a wave without being somebody. Buttons at that stage was living in town and the regular crew were guys like James and Timmy Labrador who grew up just across the road, then there was Perry Dane my neighbour, then was a guy called Wayne Boy Victorino who was one of the first aerialists. Then there's everybody else who wanted to surf V-Land from the Kailua side or from in town, and that included Buttons, right, but he was always welcome. Michael Ho was out, Johnny Boy Gomes who's super aggro and Dane Kealoha as well, it was chock a block with guys trying to get in the saddle, and the right place to take off at V-Land is as wide as a phone booth. So we're all surfing Velzyland and Buttons comes out and the pecking order is tough to work out and the tension out there is palpable, it's as thick as a glass of stout. There were some

gnarly fights. So Buttons shows up and is trying to get his waves, and this day all these heavy guys are out and we're all sitting in a tight group, all trying to get the next set. I'm sitting next to Buttons when a perfect six-foot set appears and everybody scrambles and in the middle of the group you hear this voice boom, "Go, Buttons! Gooooooooooooo!" And everybody looks around and stops and Buttons swings around and goes... and of course it was Buttons calling himself in.

AUSTRALIA. From the World Titles in 1970 in Victoria, I reckon I was in Australia 15 times. They had the Aussie Triple Crown – the Coke, Bells, and the Stubbies or the Alan Oke – that was the Aussie season and it was three months long. I was one of the first guys to fly back home to Hawaii and regroup between each contest. I was one of the few guys who were sponsored, so I'd parse away some money. By 1970s standards I was living the life. It blew a lot of people's minds though; they thought I was all Hollywood by flying home. It was a long three months. Like, how many beetroot sandwiches and Chiko rolls and meat pies can you eat? Seriously. It was, like, horrible. The food was horrible. But it was also the beginnings of the good diet. The fruit, the veggies, and I noticed a lot of the surfers went that way. That lifestyle was coming into play. Some of my friends in Australia lived well on good food. Nat was a vegetarian – the most aggro vegetarian I've met – and we used to joke about that. Isn't being a vegetarian supposed to mellow you out? But Australia in the '70s, it was kinda like what California was like in the '50s, culturally and socially. People were straight up honest, hard working and kind, and I really liked that about Australia.



The wave that won the Smirnoff.



STYLE. My sense of style probably comes from growing up poor. One comment my mum would make, she'd say, "Just 'cause you kids are poor doesn't mean you need to *look* poor." She impressed on us we should dress well and present well. She was in show business, she was a hula dancer and an entertainer, and as a result I just sort of always appreciated style in dress. I'd watch movies and I've always been fascinated by fashion and how much fashion reflects personality. I started going to California early and you had to have some good clothes for a function, you had to climb out of your trunks and your T-shirt some time. Phil Jarratt was one of the first guys to write a profile on me and one of his comments

he said, "A lot of people have considered him a bit of a dandy." (*Laughing*) Thanks, Phil. But my style ran the whole gamut of the safari suit and platform shoes and the disco shirt, and the big entrance when your plane landed at the airport. When I got to Australia there were some guys who were dressed up but most didn't give a shit. I felt like coming from a different place, being well dressed and well spoken was important to me. I guess it was part of my persona, a projection that Hawaiians weren't backwards, and looking sharp made me feel mentally sharp.

The bell-bottom wetsuit was more of an advertising stunt for O'Neill. I promised my friend Pat O'Neill I'd do it. It was obviously

about the most flamboyant thing you could go surf with. It was fitted from a high waist and a tight vest and it had this wrestler spandex gusset. It was actually a ski outfit and the bell-bottoms were flared because that's where the ski boots fitted. It was all cinched up to keep the shape. Of course as soon as I wore it I was cold. I said, well, fuck it, I'll only do it for 15 minutes. It flushed with water immediately of course but it looked pretty wicked!

ROLLING HOME. One of the trips I did in Australia was for a movie called *Rolling Home* with Paul Witzig. This was 1972; I was 22. It was ten young people – including me and my future ex-wife – and we travelled



Surfing big Sunset Beach is all about big thick guns, getting in early, delaying that bottom turn into a fine work of art, then driving for the bowl. Reno had it down.

around Australia for it. The basis of the movie was young people leaving the city life to get into the country hinterland and connect with the first peoples. Part of the movie's mission was to try and relate to aboriginal people on that level.

I got a really good immersion in Australia, because everywhere we went we dropped into the local mission, and while we got good receptions, sometimes we wouldn't because in some of them there was corruption in the system and some people looked at us with suspicion. The people running them would take government money and set up stores and they'd take the artefacts made by the locals, they had warehouse stashes of the stuff. The people would

come and get their money and go walkabout, they wouldn't even stay in the mission.

We stayed at Cactus, for two-and-a-half months. We built this rough house and we all camped around it. It was so raw. It wasn't very Hollywood. We had to go into Penong to go get Coopers Ale, water, and to take a bath. We got some waves and luckily never saw any sharks. But it was wild. Every three or four days we'd get blasted. We were in the Great Australian Bight and we'd get all these southerlies blowing through. At the time my hair was down to my shoulders and I kinda looked like a girl. I remember going into this pub in Penong with my wife, and some of the

old diggers there are going, "That's straight up an aboriginal girl!" and my wife was so offended. They were drunk and they honestly thought I was a young aboriginal girl and they were going to have their way with me. My wife lost it. I didn't have the moustache at this time.

We went everywhere. We followed the coast all the way from Victoria across the desert to Margaret River, then we took a flight to the Northern Territory and the crocodile farms and cashew plantations, then we went to Alice Springs then across to Queensland. By the time we got to Queensland I was over it. With all that desert, once we got to Queensland coast with all that warm water I was never happier. ▀



SONG LINES

BEAU FOSTER AND FRIENDS TAP

THE MUSIC OF JEFFREYS BAY

BY DEREK HYND

PHOTOS BY ALAN VAN GYSEN







The collapse of the Larsen A and B Ice Shelves won't mean much to most Australian surfers let alone Beau Foster and Creed McTaggart. The effects aren't immediately felt half a world away. The Furious Fifties still ramp the fetch of the Forties between South Africa and Australia. No problem hitting Margarets and reefs north, Bells is well fed, and the east coast gets the southerly kick. Not so, closer to point of impact. The ongoing Larsen collapse east of the Antarctic Peninsula has depowered the greatest wind funnel on Earth – the one that for 10,000 years regenerated deflected Cape Horn Lows to fling them north east bending east on an arc below the first continent, Africa.

Jeffreys Bay increasingly loses its classic full-length line. Even by Tom Curren's arrival in 1992 it was the proverbial shadow of its former self. What main vein Supertubes used to deliver was west wind in the face of a driving south west swell and a stinging sand storm in the face during the take offs on eight wave freight trains between Boneyards and Supers, the 50 knot sideshore gale hanging the surfer in the lip or spitting him sideways off the back.

Back around the mid 1990s two gruff fellas from Apollo Bay waited three weeks for a swell and when it came they didn't know it. Thought it had to be on a slow build. We were in the line-up. They talked it up. Asked me what I thought. I talked it back down. They had the great Australian ten seconder. "This place is a fucken hoax." *"Yeah mate, fucked."* "Outta here?" *"Yeah mate. Way better at home."* The surf was four to five feet but on the flawless point of surfing principle they paddled in right then, over the reef to indeed fuck off. Simply, the wave worked back then, good enough half cocked to fool most surfers.

Not the die hards. Nowadays, with surfing up its own arse awash in the rampant fingers of fortune, it's the long exception to find someone willing to call J-Bay for what it is – for most of the season an underwhelming kiddy park, on rare days as good as it used to be regularly. On epic days – well there are no more epic days.

Beau Foster was in and out of J-Bay before he knew it last August but as just about the polar opposite to these guys. Paid to surf, not to compete, able to move at short notice, no big pressure to be anywhere. Inoffensive guy. No big agenda. He'll pick up this mag though and be kind of freaked out to be in the paragraph above Curren for the same reasons. You see, with no agenda other than stoke and fun, he put an exclamation mark on the message that Curren had just dealt The Tour. He tore holes in reputations, accentuating the gulf between sporting grind and artistic delivery.

Creed McTaggart channels the late 80s Wave Warriors with a mad lip rip to rinse speed before setting up line into supers. **Previous spread:** There exists a holy text somewhere that says it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is to get props from Derek Hynd while surfing J-Bay. Well Beau Foster put on the camel suit and threaded that thing without even touching the sides.



Beau, Creed, DH and Doheny survey and slay a naturalfooter's playground in the shade.

PROS COULD DO WORSE THAN TAKE A SICKIE EARLY SEASON AND WATCH A FEW STRIPPED BACK SONG LINES FROM SOME OF THE SUPERS CREW.

Tom Curren didn't try to mock this teetering WSL *Cirque du Surf* but a wizard like this was always going to break for logical outer ground. Old and half asleep, *the ride that shamed the tour* was always going to come. The pros, having spent years in the goldfish bowl looking at each other, had forgotten how to commit to a wave as basic as a B Grade J-Bay wall. Every navel turned inward. Big problem for pro surfing – from the surfers to judges, parents to corporations, sponsors to administrations.

Pros could do worse than take a sickie early season and watch a few stripped back song lines from some of the Supers crew. Caught up in the flares for so many years, they'd take a while to notice any value at all from surfers detached from white noise.

*Mikey Meyer, past 55 and mellow, worker without time. Setting the line on longer equipment, lifts into swing with entry speed; positional like an MP had he ever slowed it down. Graceful long arcs.

*Koffie Jacobs, past 40 and notorious, worker without time. With thickness of build and board, hull drive projecting momentum like a Johnny Boy only better at this place. Linked power.

*Deon Lategan, past 30, worker without time. On the shorter Tomo, no entry speed for reason. A tube-monger ala late 70s Cheyne Horan. Slowed down, but barrel to barrel with ease. Snap-stall mastery.

Three different sets of gears here, none in similar ratio. Not one of them trying to pack ten turns into five.

So to Foster. He turned up after the World Tour event without much clue on J-Bay. *Searching For Tom Curren* watched for the first time to break the monotony of a festering Newport Beach California summer haze, next thing a call from McTaggart to his friend and Foster's US host Andrew Doheny, Jeffreys Bay three days later. Foster, right time, right place, right flick. He'd basically only just let the film fade to black, dazed by Curren.

In the line-up one August day was Alan van Gysen, swimming. It was a good day but again tainted by poorer reverse angle, more and more common through the present decade. AvG is just about the best all round stills genius for rate of return. His sessions are long, picture rate slow, hit rate high. With him in the water there had to be decent surfers around. Too dangerous otherwise.

The long distance swimmer in these parts for 15 years, EATEN further down the line the other year in front of a crowd; surfers recently circled by a monster at the Supers takeoff and lucky to get away – Frankie Oberholzer checking the key set and making the call to bolt as the beast swung out wide, glancing back to see the body rolling on a charge, the wave getting to them before the shark, the more hapless of the paddlers almost blowing it.

Supers is a bad place for man-sharks let alone large Whites. A lot of visiting surfers can stuff their stay by not taking man-sharks into account. Maybe it's not as visible as ten years back, but there's still an omnipotence. One wonders with fresh seasonal herd if the basic score is known. It's the rule more than exception that some poor fella will get the rules of engagement wrong.

Through this session, swell from the sou'-sou' east creating punch but less length, three main faces kept stroking into every other set. They knew the game. Perhaps lucky for them these were work days. Dialling is costly. The interesting thing about impressions is how often things end up as first figured, give or take. No second chance for a good first impression is a









Jack McCoy motto. In surfing it can be as quick as the line down the face after the paddle in.

I didn't know them from bars of soap but it made a change to watch the approaches. Despite the old rule holding of it being the one having the most fun, sometimes it gets boring to watch the odd goon hurtling past, legs and arms all over the joint with a twisted grin attached to his boggle eyed face. For mine, first impressions were that the American surfed like an Australian and the Australians respectively surfed like an American and a South African.

The first guy, Doheny as it turned out, had the array and timing that crossed a mix of a neo Ellis Ericson and a retro Andrew Kidman. Nothing too bluntly Newport Beach Hottest 100 yards – Preston Murray and Jeff Parker left there. Nothing outrageous or unnecessary, progressive and understated. Interesting family history too as some

readers may guess – the surf spot/the song lyric/ the oil company/*There Will Be Blood*.

The next two were confusing for a few rides. From the water a fair few things get in the way of clear view. Creed McTaggart, a fair bit like third generation T Street natural footer – Gavin Beschen in his late 90s prime. Combine originals Matt Archbold and Christian Fletcher with visitor Pottz, second generation Shane Beschen and Dino Andino with visitor Slater, third generation Gavin Beschen with Justin Matterson and Joe Crimo and you've just about got the history of the why and how and now of modern criteria without Kolohe Andino required.

Beau Foster was lithe, flexy yet upright, and sudden yet fluid. Not normal. A little like Creed but unstructured. He was interesting for what he wasn't. Pro surfers tend to be run in two schools, the predominant – industrial,

super industrial; and the rare – evolutionary, revolutionary. Put it this way, few get to be super industrial, fewer get to be the R word.

I once hatched a plan to stop Curren from going to seed post retirement. He'd gone down that road in part retirement through parts of 88 and 89. Given career best levels in performance and equipment upon retirement, December 91, Curren on a retirement junket wasn't any plan. Also in play was the sagging health of Rip Curl. It'd be no matter of *empty wave, you ride, we shoot*. Curren never bought bullshit. There had to be honesty in the transition from the boards he rode to the places he visited and the crew he mucked around with. Offsiders to reciprocate inspiration and friendship. Curren had never been on a surf trip. How would he react, stuck with... *people*.

I found Frankie Oberholzer on the south coast of Durban. For the five previous years I'd



Beau Foz, flying with the kind of wild abandon that seduces the seductress. **Previous spread:** The black wizard himself, a man who knows not friction but the unlimited freedom of slingshot speed.

been ridiculed by young Butchy Farren every season I turned up to surf his wave. Any point down here was as at least as good as J-Bay at the equivalent size, similar conditions in swing. Mellow crowds had to do with sardines and predators. Butchy's subject was always the same. Never the more obvious bone about wooing his older sister, but a kid his age from another spot, "Frankie."

Frankie at 13, at 14, and on and on. "DH, I'm telling you, the best you can surf is where Frankie starts." When I did get to see him take his first wave, Butchy had nailed it. The take off-chink fade before the bottom turn. Sold. Subtlety, panache, minimal. The thing to allow variations from the outset. About two seconds all up. The question, *Would you be interested in partnering Tom Curren for a few years?* wasn't immediately answered in the affirmative. Here was veritable white African, a kind Zulu in a

stranger's body. As just a fisherman at age 18 he could live the rest of his days happy. When I said, *Not allowed to compete*, he was in.

Another five years passed and The Search was by now saturated, grinding along. Oberholzer was back dabbling in events from being on a pittance otherwise. But here he was in the man on man semis of the J-Bay Open the year before it was upgraded to a CT. The waves, cranking. He took off on one of the most astounding rides ever judged in all annals. In a rare moment of judges being awakened, he hit them square in the third eye. 9.90 – for a foam ride.

Took a set. *Left on the take off*. This is Supertubes don't forget. Punched a backhand hit. Dropped to the bottom with chink faded onto the flats. Far back in the foam, he now climbed it into the roof, snapping back the instant he tapped the face, falling back down

with the foam to repeat the fades, foam climbs, and board waving hooks down the line. Just in the strength and flex required... but with the lateral thought to push it this way under pressure. Wild. He was on the wall for maybe three of the 30 seconds ridden.

It was an example of why Curren learnt more from Oberholzer in those years than the other way 'round. Industrial, Super Industrial, Evolutionary, Revolutionary? Tom named a son after this guy.

Not said lightly that Foster had some Oberholzer in him. A few surfs wore on and the jazz developed. It's not meant to be damning with faint praise, for both McTaggart and Doheny had serious form in play but, as with Oberholzer, the feeling about Beau Foster was bittersweet. Glimpses of magic in the nature of his adaptations yet so too the ring of waste – not from him, but from an industry likely to suppress the revolutionary. ■

FRUSTRATED?

Can't go Surfing?
Got an ear problem?
What is it?

SURFER'S EAR SWIMMER'S EAR RUPTURED EARDRUM

These conditions can be prevented. Protect your ears with -



"stick it in your ear!"

- Preformed Protective Earplugs

DESIGNED WITH THE SURFER IN MIND

- Provides water protection without the deafness
- Is comfortable to wear and stays in place
- Available in eight sizes for optimal fit
- Easily retrieved because they float and are leashed
- Also excellent for kids with grommets.

**Contact us to find your
local stockist**

DOC'S PROPLUGS

Level 15, Corporate Centre One
2 Corporate Court
Bundall QLD 4217
Phone: +61 7 5591 9578
Fax: +61 7 5591 9555

Email: docsproplugs@myplace.net.au

New Zealand:

Lighthouse Surf Company

48 Winter's Road, Papanui Christchurch 5
Phone (03) 354 4082 Fax (03) 354 4083

COMING NEXT MONTH
SURFING WORLD RETURNS
TO BLACK SHEEP STATION



A SPECIAL AUSTRALIAN DESERT EDITION
ON SALE AUGUST 6TH

MITCH COLEBORN. PHOTO CAREY

Jay Davies

28, YALLINGUP, WA

ILLUSTRATION BY NANDA ORMOND

SW: You wake up inside the body of Filipe Toledo. What's the first thing you do with your new spindly mini-frame?

JD: Man that'd be interesting to be 60kgs again, I don't think I've been that weight since I was three. The first thing I'd do is get a 5'6" find the cleanest reeling ankle to knee high right point, Snapper or somewhere in Mexico, and go absolutely HAM sandwich in those tight little pockets. That, or I'd have a go on those tube slippery slides in kids parks. I haven't fit in those for a long time.

Which number is better, 12 or 37?

They're both great numbers but I have to go with 12. Every day of your life is an adventure and a new discovery when you're that age. Everything comes to life when you're 12.

Who plays you in the movie of your life and what's it called?

I'd have to say George Clooney, only because I'm totally going grey. I shaved my head the other day and it's growing out silver. The movie would be called *Silver Fox*. George might have to hit the protein shakes in preparation for the role.

You can qualify for the 2016 World Tour or play in an AFL Grand Final winning team. Which do you choose and why?

Far out... to play for West Coast in a Grand Final at the MCG and thrash the shit out of Geelong... That would be an amazing feeling. Thrashing any Victorian team would be great. But you know what? I didn't play a lot of footy when I was a kid and to be on tour for a full year, in the waves they get to surf with only a couple of other guys out, that's been the dream for so long so I have to go with that.

Taj Burrow challenges you to a nipple cripple contest. Who wins and why?

Haha! I'd win just because my arms are twice as long as his. He's a determined little prick though, he'd give me a good match, but he'd be pinching my elbows and I reckon I'd rip his nipples clean off.

The world has an awards show and you win something. What's the category title that's seen you edge out over six billion people?

I'd be the first human male to devolve back into a silverback ape. So I'd win the Devo Award.

You're Prime Minister for 24 hours. What's the first thing you do.

Politics is not my shit at all. Um... I'd lower taxes for the hard working families out there. That'll at least get me re-elected.

For the next year you have to sport either a beard, top knot, felt hat with a drop necked singlet, or an 80s saxophonist flat top with pom combo. Which do you opt for and why?

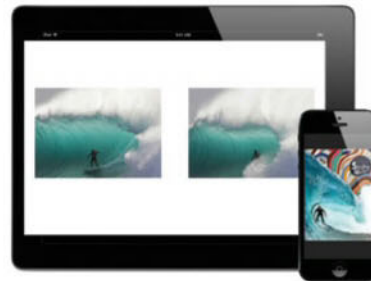
Haha! I'm going 80s sax ponytail flat top all day long but only be look awful in singlets. I can't wear them. ■





Subscriber Benefits

12 ISSUES DELIVERED DIRECTLY TO YOUR FRONT DOOR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR
FREE POSTAGE – NEVER MISS AN ISSUE
ALL COVER GIFTS INCLUDED



SW Is Digital

6 ISSUES FOR \$30.00 AU (\$5.00 AU PER ISSUE)
SUBSCRIBE AT SURFINGWORLD.COM.AU

YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE 4 WAYS 1 | MAIL: FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO PO BOX 603 AVALON NSW 2107
2 | PHONE: 02 9965 7313 3 | ONLINE: WWW.SURFINGWORLD.COM.AU

MY DETAILS

NAME:

ADDRESS:

POSTCODE:

PHONE:

EMAIL:

GIFT RECIPIENT

NAME:

ADDRESS:

POSTCODE:

PHONE:

EMAIL:

PAYMENT OPTIONS

☐ CHEQUE/MONEY ORDER: I ENCLOSE A CHEQUE/MONEYORDER FOR \$

MADE PAYABLE TO AUSTRALIAN SURFING WORLD **OR**

☐ CREDIT CARD: PLEASE DEBIT MY CREDIT CARD \$

☐ MASTERCARD ☐ Visa

Card No.

Expiry Date:

CCV:

Signed:

☐ 6 MONTH SUBSCRIPTION 6 ISSUES \$59.95 NO GIFT

☐ 1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION 12 ISSUES \$109.95

☐ 2 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION 24 ISSUES \$199.95

☐ 6 MONTH NZ SUBSCRIPTION 6 ISSUES \$59.95 NO GIFT

☐ 1 YEAR NZ SUBSCRIPTION 12 ISSUES \$109.95 (NO GIFT)

☐ 2 YEAR NZ SUBSCRIPTION 24 ISSUES \$199.95 (NO GIFT)

☐ 1 YEAR INTERNATIONAL 12 ISSUES \$169.90 NO GIFT

☐ 2 YEAR INTERNATIONAL 24 ISSUES \$339.95 NO GIFT

☐ Please tick this box if you do not wish your subscription to be automatically renewed

NOTE: YOUR GIFT CAN TAKE UP TO 5 WEEKS TO DELIVER AFTER RECEIVING YOUR FIRST ISSUE.

SUBSCRIBE NOW & SCORE A LIMITED EDITION SURFING WORLD BACKPACK VALUED AT \$80

Imagine if instead of having to carry stuff in your arms you could somehow carry stuff on your back instead. Not only would it focus the load on a more ergonomically sensible part of your body, but your hands would be totally free to do things like scroll through Instagram, talk to deaf friends and signal passing truck drivers to pull their chain horns. Man, what a sweet life...

Thankfully, after 54 years of working around the clock on a solution to this problem, the scientists in Surfing World's R&D department have made the breakthrough we've all been waiting for unveiling the game changing Surfing World Backpack.

This lightweight, carbon black, retro logo'd, 15 pocketed, uber sack with shoulder straps was crafted by the lords of premium hardware at Ocean & Earth and is the perfect companion for surf trips, business meetings, bushwalks, mountain climbs, expeditions to both the North and South poles and would even make a handy school bag.

This month the first 100 subscribers to Surfing World will receive the SW Backpack absolutely free. That's 12 issues of the best surf mag on Earth delivered to your door and the best backpack ever made thrown in as well. Over \$200 value for the paltry sum of \$109.95. Don't put your arms under any more unnecessary stress. Get on this deal right now.



We get you here



UNIQUE SURF ADVENTURES



**Talk to an expert on 1800 611 163
or email info@worldsurfaris.com**

Mooloolaba - 2/174 Brisbane Rd, Mooloolaba Q 4557

Kirra Surf - Corner Gold Coast Hwy and Creek St, Kirra Q 4225

www.worldsurfaris.com/departingnow

MALDIVES



FIJI



INDO



SAMOA



PNG

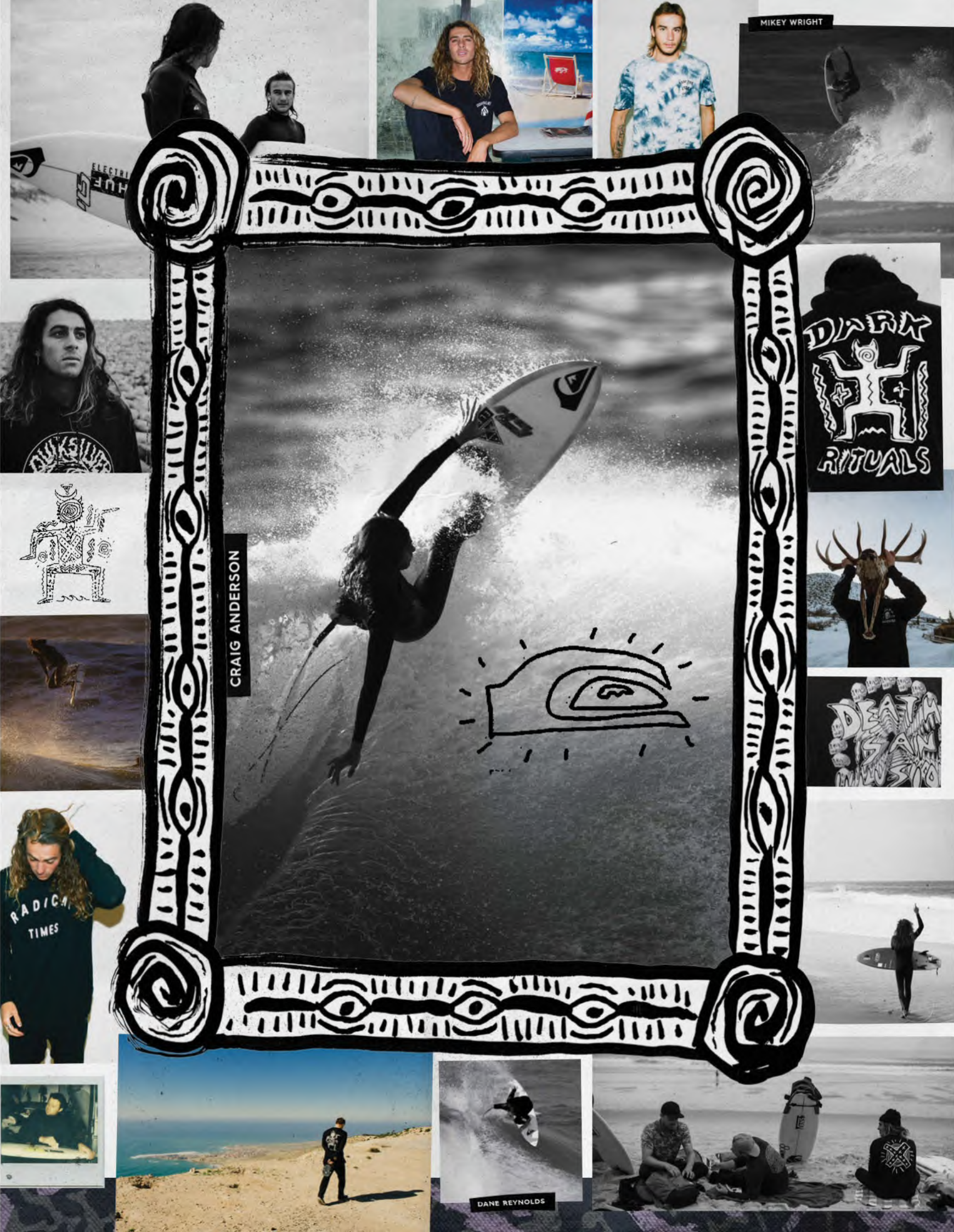
**Nov15-Mar16 season
FILLING FAST!**



ATAS
travel accredited

Photo: Richard Kotch

Photo: Peter Sturm



MIKEY WRIGHT

CRAIG ANDERSON

DANE REYNOLDS

